

T H E

LADIES and GENTLEMENS

MUSICAL MEMORANDUM :

O R,

NORFOLK SONGSTER.

Being a select Collection of the most favourite

SONGS, CANTATAS, ODES,	DIALOGUES, DUETS, RONDEAUS,	MEDLEYS, CATCHES, and CHORUSSES.
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Being in Number One Hundred and Ninety.

Particularly all the Songs that have been sung at the Concert-Hall by Mr. DU-BELLAMY and Mrs. DEATH. With several of the Airs in the SUMMER'S TALE, LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, and MIDAS. With some general Instructions for Singing, collected from the most eminent Masters.

Such of the Songs in this Collection as are sung to old Tunes, are inserted at the Top.

N. B. The Musick of the TEMPEST, MACBETH, the Dirges in ROMEO and JULIET, the single Songs in any Comedy or Musical Entertainment, or of the Songs, &c. in this Collection, for the Harpsichord, Violin, German Flute, or Guitar, to be had (on giving timely Notice) of Mr. DU-BELLAMY, near the White Hart in St. Peter's, Mancroft. Of whom may also be had several favourite Lessons, with Variations, for the Harpsichord.

N O R W I C H :

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[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]





THE INTRODUCTION.

THE two principal Requisites for
a Singer, are an agreeable Voice,
and a good Ear.

THOUGH there are many,
that have neither of these Requisites, who
will, to oblige Company, (as they call it) in
Defiance as it were of both Voice and Ear,
murder the Composition of the most eminent
Master, added to the soft gliding Measures of
an elegant Poet.

It is recommended to the former, that they
do not by waiting for too much Intreaty,
raise the Expectation of the Company higher
than they are sure they can gratify: And to
the latter, to furnish themselves with some
short, instructive, or entertaining Stories, A-
necdotes, &c.

IV INTRODUCTION.

YOUR too long delaying the Request of your Friends, in a Point which would give them Pleasure, and be a Matter of Ease to you, is, as this Author observes, an inexcuseable Fault in a Gentleman. As to the Ladies, to whom Nature has been much kinder, in endowing them with a Sweetness of Voice so much superior to the other Sex, he says nothing; whether he chose to pay the Ladies the Compliment of letting them judge for themselves, or thought they were more inexcusable than the Gentlemen (as being much happier in that agreeable Talent) I cannot say; therefore shall do as he has done.

It is thought proper to say thus much on this Foible of refusing to sing when asked, because it is a very natural Supposition, that few Persons that were too ill to sing would (unless upon real Business) come into Company; therefore all the common place Evasions will be look'd upon (as they really are) an insatiate Desire of being courted.

It is commonly observed, that those who are so fond of begging to be excused, would (were the Company thereon to cease their Intreaty) look upon it as the greatest Rudeness they could possibly be guilty of to them.

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IF you cannot sing, declare it positively, and it would be the Height of Rudeness in any Person present, at such a Declaration, ever to ask you again; for it would be supposing you to be capable of being guilty of a Falsity.

IF you do not understand Music, it is best to learn your Songs of those who do; for it is much easier to learn ten Songs that are new to you, than to be set right in one you have learnt wrong.

BE careful to be perfect in the Words of your Songs; pronounce them properly, and as articulate as possible; it being the chief Excellence of a Singer to be understood. For all the Graces, Trills, Cadences, Shakes or Warblings, that may be thrown into a Song, cannot make Amends for keeping the Company in the dark with Regard to the Sense of the Poet.

REMEMBER, that Sense should not give way to Sound.

THERE are many that make Mistakes in the Words of their Songs through Carelessness, or for want of Consideration; but such Errors will oftener be imputed to Ignorance than Inadvertence. BE

vi INTRODUCTION.

BE careful to avoid all awkward Gestures; it requires no other Position, Action, or Expression, in the singing of a Song than in telling a simular Story. There are some who (while they are singing a very sprightly Air which requires Action and Expression) will fall back in their Chair, and shut their Eyes; others, who are willing to avoid that Fault, will fix theirs, wide open, upon the Cieling (or any other Part of the Room) as if they were apprehensive that their Singing would bring the House upon their Heads; nor will they quit their Position 'till the Song be ended. Many other Particularities of the like Nature might be instanced, but it is hoped those will answer the End that is proposed.

WHILE any Person is singing or performing on any Instrument, beating the Feet upon the Ground, the Hands upon the Table, or any Thing that makes a distinct Sound, should be avoided, lest the Performer or Singer should be thereby disconcerted. This Caution is meant to those who do understand Music, as well as to those who do not, lest they should incur the Reputation of Pedants, or Impertinents.

IN

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IN Company, the only Case in which beating of Time may be deem'd necessary, is in a Catch or Duet, which should be done by one of the Performers; but in a single Song it will appear affected.

IN singing, the Mouth should be rather more opened than in speaking. Instead of which, many who have a very fine Voice, deprive us of the Pleasure of hearing the best Notes of it, by keeping their Teeth almost, if not quite shut, which produces instead of a pleasing Tone, a jarring Discord.

IT is recommended to sing as soon as ask'd, and with as little of the usual Preparation as possible; such as Coughing or Tuning.

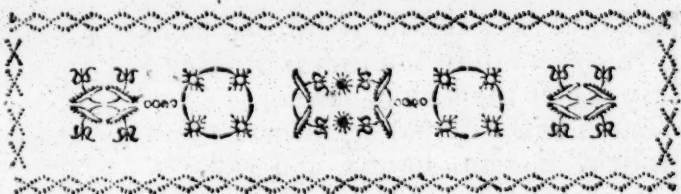
I FIND no Rules laid down for the Diet of a Singer, but conclude from my own Observation, that that which agrees best with the Constitution is best for the Voice.

THE

INTRODUCTION

In composing the *Encyclopaedia*, the Editor has had in view the utility of the work to the public, and has endeavored to make it as complete and accurate as possible. The Editor has been assisted by a large number of able and experienced writers, and has been aided by the most extensive and valuable collections of books and manuscripts in the world. The Editor has also been aided by the most extensive and valuable collections of books and manuscripts in the world. The Editor has also been aided by the most extensive and valuable collections of books and manuscripts in the world.

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T H E
MUSICAL MEMORANDUM:
O R,
NORFOLK SONGSTER.



S O N G.

In the Oratorio of JUDAS MACCABEUS.

COME ever smiling liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocal train:
For thee we pant and figh; for thee,
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

'Tis liberty, dear liberty, alone,
That gives fresh beauty to the sun.
'Tis liberty, dear liberty, alone,
That bids all nature look more gay,
And lovely life with pleasure steal away.

S O N G

S O N G. By Mrs. DEATH.

NYMPHS and shepherds, come away,
 Wanton in the sweets of May ;
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
 Wanton as the bounding fawns :
 Frolick, buxom, blythe, and gay,
 Nymphs and shepherds, come away.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And flowers were fair to see,
 And Mary was compleat fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;
 Blith Jockey's looks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free ;
 Gang down the burn, my gentle love,
 And soon I'll follow thee.
 Now Jockey did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn side ;
 And Mary was a bonny lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
 Her cheeks were rosy red, and white,
 Her een were azure blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.
 What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And nothing sure unmeet ;
 For ganging home I heard them say,
 They lik'd a walk so sweet :
 His cheek to hers he fondly laid,
 She cry'd, sweet love be true ;
 And when a wife, as now a maid,
 To death I'll follow you.

CAN-

CANTATA.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA.

By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove whose deep embow'ring
 shade
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A chrystal stream, with gentle murmur flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose.
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep fair Iphigenia lay;
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of thought.
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd, he star'd, her lovely form survey'd,
 And while with artless voice he softly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

AIR.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Compleats the rural scene;
 But in thy bosom charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts, poor Cymon trembling
 stands,
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands;
 Bright

Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear,
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near;
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
 O Cymon ! if it's you I need not rise,
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again :
 The clown transported was not silent long,
 But thus with extacy pursu'd his song.

A I R.

Thy jetty locks that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck ;
 Thy love inspiring mien ;
 Thy swelling bosom skin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaz'd she listens, nor can trace from whence,
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;
 She gazes, finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait ;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend :
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead,
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle chaste desire ;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate the human soul.

Depriv'd of that, our wretched state,
 Had made our lives of too long date ;

But

But blest with beauty and with love,
We taste what angels do above.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

COME Chloris, leave thy wand'ring sheep,
Thou shalt more am'rous creatures keep,
And be the only envied dame,
That moves upon this grassy frame;
For thou shalt herds of Cupids have,
And love and I will be thy slave.

In yonder myrtle grove we'll dwell,
With more content than tongue can tell;
Where hungry wolves shall not affright
Thy tender lambs, nor thee, by night;
Where we the wanton thieves will play,
And steal each others hearts away.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

THE wicked wits, as fancy hits, all satirize
the fair,
In prose and rhyme, and strains sublime, their
foibles they declare;
The kind are bold, the chaste are cold, these
prudish, those too free,
Ye curious men, come tell us then, what must a
woman be?

But hard's the task, and vain to ask, where optics
are untrue,
The muse shall hear, th' indicted clear, and prove
the crime on you:

B

The

But

The rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd, on whom
 his wish was plac'd,
 The fool deny'd, affects the pride, and rails (to
 be in taste.)

But not like those, the men of bliss, their sure
 criterion fix,
 Now wisdom cries, my son arise, and vindicate
 the sex;
 'Tis theirs to prove the sweets of love, which
 others never share,
 An evidence, that none have sense, but who adore
 the fair.

Ye lovely race, with ev'ry grace, celestially im-
 prest,
 'Tis yours to quell, the cares that dwell, within
 the human breast:
 Let beauty's voice our souls rejoice, and rapture
 wake to mirth,
 For Jove design'd, th' enchanting kind to form
 an heaven on earth.

With ev'ry art, to win the heart, ye dear in-
 spirers try,
 Each native charm, with passion warm, and let
 love's lightning fly;
 And hence ye grave your council save, which
 youth but sets at nought,
 For women still will have their will, and so I
 think they ought.

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE.

The ARCADIAN NUPTIALS.

By Mr. DU-BELLAMY, and Mrs. DEATH.

Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad tumults we hear,

How gay all the nymphs with their shepherds appear;

With myrtle and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,

And every nymph wears a garland of flowers,

I can't for my life what it means understand,

There's some rural festival surely at hand;

Nor harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take place,

But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

Mrs. DEATH.

The truth, honest lad, why you surely should know,

What rites are prepar'd in the village below,

Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd,

Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord,

That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and ease,

All judgments can strike, and all fancies can please;

That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er,

You know what he is, and I need say no more,

Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

Young Thyrsis too claims all that honour can lend,

His Countrymens glory, their champion and friend;
But

But such flight memorials scarce speak his deserts,
For trust me his name is engrav'd on their hearts,

Mrs. DEATH.

But hence to the bridal, behold how they throng,
Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along;
The joyous occasion all nature inspires,
With tender affections, and chearful desires,

D U E T T.

Mr. DU-BELLAMY and Mrs. DEATH.

Ye powers that o'er conjugal union preside,
All gracious look down on the bridegroom and
bride,

That beauty and virtue, and valour may shine,
In a race like themselves, with no end to the line,
May glory and honour, and riches and praise,
Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days;
And while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
Oh! may they live easy as those in a cot,

SONG. In THOMAS and SALLY.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
Your faithful Tom's return'd again;
Returns, and with him brings a heart,
That ne'er from Sally shall depart,

After long toils and troubles past,
How sweet to tread our native soil,
With conquest to return at last,
And deck our sweethearts with the spoil;
No one to beauty should pretend,
But such as dare its rights defend.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE lads and the lasses were gather'd to play,
And dance on the green at the eve of the
day ;

As the meadows grew ripe for the mower and
scythe,

Each swain with his damsel was happily blithe.

Young Strephon appear'd in his holiday dress,

A favour and hat, as a badge of success,

Which he won at the wake, for he wrestled so
clean,

And none play'd at foot-ball so well on the green.

The swains were attentive whenever he spake,

And nymphs wear the ribbons he gave for his sake;

For Strephon was am'rous, and fond of the fair,

But he lavish'd his favours as fickle as air :

At length as he danc'd on the soft mossy ground,

With Nelly the pride of the villages round,

All envied his choice, and he sicken'd with love,

Tho' he vow'd that his heart no female could
move.

He sighs as a lover, and pines all the day,

Whilst Nelly (fair Syren) exults o'er her prey ;

To Damon engag'd, no other will prize,

For Damon is honest, if Strephon is wise :

The heart, tho' well guarded, will frequently
prove,

Whilst reason is sleeping, a victim to love ;

No mortal can trust to his prudence or art,

For Strephon, tho' subtle, escap'd not the dart.

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S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

WITH early horn, salute the morn,
 That gilds this charming place;
 With chearful cries, bid echo rise,
 And join the Jovial chace.
 The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The chrystal floods,
 All, all return th' enliv'ning sound.

S O N G. By Mrs. DEATH.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Young Jockey to our cottage came;
 But tho' I lik'd him passing weel,
 I careless turn'd my spinning wheel.
 My milk-white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers, long and small;
 Unusual joy my heart did feel,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel.
 Then round about my slender waist
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd;
 To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.
 With gentle looks I bid him rise;
 He blest my neck, my lips, and eyes:
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.
 'Till bolder grown, so close he prest,
 His wanton thoughts I quickly guest,
 Then push'd him from my rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd my spinning wheel.

At last, when I began to chide,
 He swore he meant me for his bride;
 'Twas then my love I did reveal,
 And flung away my spinning wheel.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

YOUNG Cælia was sprightly and Gay,
 Had the Bloom of Fifteen in her Cheek,
 Her lovers came flocking each Day,
 And a thousand fond things they would speak:
 She giddy and thoughtless gave Ear,
 To the tale of each flattering Tongue,
 And thought she was blest to appear
 In a circle of lovers so young.

Thus elate with the conquest she gain'd,
 She neglected to act with a grace,
 And thought that her triumph for life
 Was secure by the charms of her face;
 While Phillis more modest and coy,
 Not a lover yet boasts in her train,
 Which Cælia with pleasure observ'd,
 And delighted to give the nymph pain.

Her lovers grew cold and dropt off,
 As her folly increas'd with her years,
 When time had her beauty defac'd;
 They left her to wrinkles and tears,
 While Phillis took care to supply,
 With each grace, the swift conquest of time,
 And was much more belov'd in decay,
 Than Cælia was e'er in her prime.

Her mind with each Virtue replete,
 Had enamour'd a right judging Swain,

Who

Who fought her to make them both blest,
 And still is unrival'd her Reign ;
 All ye fair that attend to my song,
 Be warn'd by Cælias ill fate,
 Think the graces to beauty belong,
 Least forsaken you court 'em too late.

DIALOGUE.

LADS and lasses blith and gay,
 To our pastimes hast a way ;
 Joy shall here its sweets dispense,
 Charm the Eye, and please the sense,
 Ever happy, ever gay,
 Life is here one Holliday.

Love expands his pinions here,
 Music animates the Ear ;
 And with soft and soothing Art,
 Modulates the stubborn Heart.
 Ever happy, &c.

Not in vain the swain shall sigh,
 Joy shall beam in beauty's eye ;
 These alone can life improve,
 Beauty, Music, Wine, and Love,
 Ever happy, &c.

Hasten then O! gen'rous town,
 With success our labours crown ;
 On this humble grotto smile,
 That will well reward our toil.
 Ever happy, &c.

CANTATA. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.
DORUS and CLEORA.

RECITATIVE.

CLEORA sat beneath a shade,
Her wanton flocks forgot to play,
Then listen'd to the lovely maid,
While thus she mourns her shepherd's stay.

A I R.

Sure time and love are both asleep,
Or Dorus would his promise keep ;
Haste, gentle shepherd, hither move,
And we'll awake both time and love.

RECITATIVE.

Dorus wing'd with swift desire,
Came hast'ning o'er the neighb'ring plain ;
Approaching joys the maid inspire,
While thus she meets her panting swain.

A I R.

Fly care and anguish far away,
While pleasures bless this happy day,
Let ev'ry shepherd joyful be,
And ev'ry pair as blest as we.

SONG. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join in this
throng,
Pray tarry a while, and attend to my song,
The

The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell,
I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went t'other day, to a wake on the green,
And met with a lass, fair as beauty's gay queen;
I ask'd for a kifs, but the damsel cry'd 'no,'
And struggled and frown'd, and said, 'pray let
me go.'

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis don't be a prude;
But still she return'd, 'I'll cry out if you're
rude;'

The more that I prefs'd her, the more she cry'd
'no'

And struggled and frown'd, and said, 'pray let
me go.'

I found no entreaties would make her comply,
Whenever I touch'd her, t'was fye, Collin fye;
So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kifs her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kifs;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
For that's the best way to make sure of your
man.

R O N D E A U. Tune. VOI AMANTE.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part;
Seize, oh! sieze some kind occasion
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,

Those

Those who would enslave the mind.

Cupid, god, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to rest,

Childish mummary at best ;

Happy I in humble state,

Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

Cupid, god, &c.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

Tune. Push about the BRISK BOWL.

FINE songsters apologies too often make

When call'd on I'm ready to sing ;

With hums or with haws

Ne're attempt to refuse,

And egad Sirs I'll give you the thing.

Conceited our Beaux arm in arm walk the streets

In idleness take their full swing ;

Each levels his glass when a lady he meets,

And if handsome they swear she's the thing.

The prude her own person consults in her glass

Admiring her finger and ring :

Then concludes that her person all other surpass,

And that man must confess she's the thing.

With smile of self interest the landlord imparts,

Butt entire, I always do bring ;

Old singo I draw that will cherish your hearts,

And for flavour indeed 'tis the thing.

The Huntsman with joy views the hare in full
speed,

And with extacy hears the sky ring ;

With

With the cry of the hounds, and of each neigh-
ing steed,

Quite enraptur'd he cries 'tis the thing.

The parson well pleas'd trims the smoaking
furloin,

And flily leers at the pudding;

Lord bless me he cries how nobly I dine,

Oh pudding and beef is the thing.

Thus the jocky at Smithfield his nag will com-
mend,

What a shape! why he's fit for the king;

He's found wind and limb, on the word of a
friend,

And for spirits he's realy the thing.

But blest with the charms of a good natured fair,

Whose breath's like the flowers in spring;

That enjoyment alone can dispel ev'ry care,

Which, you all must confesse is the thing.

N. B. One of the verses in this song is omit-
ted, and the last altered from the original, being
as improper for this collection, as the stage.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
the little birds that fly,

With careless ease, from tree to tree

Were scarce as blest as I:

Ask gliding waters if a tear

Of mine increas'd their stream;

Or ask the passing gales, if e'er

I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught,
 The tender chains of soft desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought :

An eager hope within my breast
 Does ev'ry doubt controul,
 And lov'ly Nancy stands confest,
 The fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle ecchoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love :
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 And make a young unpractis'd heart
 To be for ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it 'twere for her ;
 'Tis true the passion in my mind,
 Is mix'd with soft distress.
 Yet while the fair I love is kind
 I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with disdain,
 Or slights my well meant love,
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
 A pain she wont remove ;
 Farewell ye birds and lonely pines,
 Adieu to tears and sighs,
 I'll leave my passion to the winds,
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

O D E on M A S O N R Y.

For three Voices.

WAKE the lute and quiv'ring strings,
Mystic truths Urania brings;
Friendly Visitant, to thee
We owe the depths of masonry.
Fairest of the virgin choir,
Warbling to the golden lyre,
Welcome here thy art prevail,
Hail, divine Urania, hail.

S O L O.

Here in friendship's sacred bow'r,
The downy-wing'd and smiling hour,
Mirth invites, and social song,
Nameless mysteries among.

Two Voices.

Crown the bowl, and fill the glass.

Three Voices.

To ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
To the brotherhood resound,
Health, and let it thrice go round.

D U E T T.

We restore the times of old,
The blooming, glorious age of gold,
As the new creation free,
Blest with gay Euphrosyne.
We with godlike Science talk,
And with fair Astrea walk;
Innocence adorns the day,
Brighter than the smiles of May.

Three

Three Voices.

Pour the rosy wine again,
 Wake a louder, louder strain,
 Rapid Zephyrs as ye fly,
 Waft our voices to the sky,
 While we celebrate the Nine,
 And the wonders of the Trine,
 While the angels sing above,
 As we below of peace and love.

SONG. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

WHERE the jessamin sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green,
 And the roses refresh'd by the show'rs,
 Contribute to brighten the scene ;
 In a cottage retirement there lives
 Young Colin and Phœbe the fair,
 The blessings each other receives
 In mutual enjoyment they share ;
 And the Lads and the Lasses that dwell on the plain,
 Sing in praise of fair Phœbe and Colin her swain.

The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendour and grandeur of pride,
 No wants can the Shepherd annoy,
 Whilst blest with his beautiful bride ;
 He wishes no greater delight,
 Than to tend on her Lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phœbe at Night,
 His innocent toil to repay ;
 And the Lads tell the Lasses in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin who lives in the dale.

If delighted her Lover appears,
 The fair-one partakes of his bliss;
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss;
 She despises the artful deceit
 That's practis'd in city or court,
 And thinks happiness no where compleat,
 But where Shepherds and Nymphs do resort.
 And the Lads tell the Lasses they'll die in despair,
 Unless they are kind as Phœbe the fair.
 Ye Youths who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair-one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey;
 Ye Nymphs who with beauty are blest,
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace,
 For the charms of the mind when possess'd,
 Will dignify those of the face.
 And the Lads and the Lasses whom Hymen hath
 join'd,
 Like Colin be constant, like Phœbe be kind.

D U E T T.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does
 adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn;
 When the ant'ling Stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain.
 But still we pursue, and now come in view,
 Of the glorious game.
 O see how again he rears up his head,
 And winged with fear he redoubles his speed;

But

But ah ! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
 cries ;
 For now his strength fails him he heavily flies,
 And he pants till with well scented hounds,
 Surrounded he dies.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

TO him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me
 Which keeps me from the sight of thee ;
 Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live,
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains
 O ! come to my impatient arms ;
 O ! come with all thy heavenly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

S O N G.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That parts my love and me,
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see ;
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long,
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue.
 Will you in ev'ry look declare
 Your heart is still the same,

And heal each idly-anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame :
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
 Should false and groundless prove,
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 You have forgot to love ;
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring blifs,
 To die and think you mine.

M E D L E Y.

(*Geko Dobbin.*)

C O M E Roger, and listen to where I have
 been,
 Ize tell thee what wonderful zights I have zeen ;
 Such places for pastime, as now bear renown,
 In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.
 Oh brave London ! Oh sweet London !
 In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.

(*John and Betty.*)

First you must know,
 That we did go
 Into the zity ;
 And zaw, not far
 From Temple-Bar.
 The wax-work pretty.

(*I make*

(I made love to Kate.)

Then they carried me,
 To church built by St Paul :
 Tho' thousands I did see,
 'Twas bigger than 'em all.
 And up the winding stairs,
 Amaz'd, we did ascend ;
 So many wounds ! I thought,
 We ne'er should zee and end.
 But how I gap'd and star'd,
 When to the top we come,
 Had you been in my place
 Why, you'd have done the same

(Tom loves Mary passing well, &c.)

To Guildhall next we did repair,
 That we might view the giants ;
 They told me they stood always there,
 To bid the *French* defiance.
 That when they heard the clock strick one,
 They would come down and greet me :
 I cod I did not like such vun,
 I was afraid they'd eat me.

(Stick a Pin there)

And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,
 The lyons, the armour and crown to behold ;
 When the shew-man at last bid the lasses so fair,
 In old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there.

(M)

And heal each idly-anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame :
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
 Should false and groundless prove,
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 You have forgot to love ;
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die and think you mine.

M E D L E Y.

(Geko Dobbin.)

C O M E Roger, and listen to where I have
 been,
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 Such places for pastime, as now bear renown,
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(M)

(My fond Shepherds of late, &c.)

Back to Westminster Abby we stray'd,
 Where are zeen all the kings, queens, and
 tombs ;
 But I never zaw since I was made,
 Such a number of deadly high rooms.
 Then the organs play'd up too so fine,
 What the boys sung, I understood not ;
 But the people in chorus did join,
 That in heaven methought I was got.

(The Attic Fire.)

At play-house too I did admire,
 A man who walk'd upon a wire.
 As tho'f it was the ground ;
 And then the zails of our mill,
 When mov'd, compar'd with him stand still,
 so fast he did turn round.

(Ketty Fell.)

June
at midnight
 But now the time, alas ! was come,
 When I must think of going home,
 Ah me unhappy clown ;
 I dreamt of what I'd zeen all night,
 And early by the morning light,
 I left dear London town.
 Charming Loudon ! happy London !
 Adieu ! dear London, London town.

S O N G.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
 That scents the ambient air,
 Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.

Say

Say will the Vulture leave his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton Linnets quit the spray,
 Than doubt thy Shepherd's love.
 The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine;
 Ye bards unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Susanna mine.

SONG. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

PHOO, pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more,
 Their face and their air and their mien what
 rout;
 Here's to thee my lad—push the bottle about.
 Let finikin fops play the fool and the ape,
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape;
 But we, honest fellows, s'death wou'd ever think,
 Of puling for love, while there's liquor to drink.
 'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows:
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;
 Remember what Topers of old us'd to sing,
 The Man that is drunk is as great as a King.
 If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks,
 Anacreon's cases see page twenty-six,
 The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul,
 Lay hold on and drown the young dog in a bowl.
 What's life but a frolick, a song and a laugh,
 My toast shall be this, while we've liquor to quaff,
 May mirth and good fellowship ever abound;
 Boys fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG.

S O N G.

HARK I hear well known voice,
 Brittain shall be great and free,
 Tyrant rage and factions voice,
 Shall not dare to frighten thee;
 Here I fix my lasting seat,
 Make thy land with plenty gay,
 Freedom never will retreat,
 Till virtue take her flight away.

S O N G.

A Nymph there lives whom many a swain,
 Has sigh'd for oft, but sigh'd in vain,
 And borne the insults and disdain,
 Of proud but handsome Molly.
 Around her throng the wits and beaux,
 With cringes compliments and bows,
 And drefs, and oaths, and lies, and vows,
 All strove for lovely Molly.

The charms that deck'd this fav'rite Maid,
 In verse and prose were sung and said,
 (For wits will write, and beaux may read)

O happy, happy Molly!
 But see triumphant beauty's pride!
 In vain was wit or nonsense try'd,
 Beaux, fops, nay flat'ers were deny'd,
 By haughty, haughty Molly.

So long coquetted the vain fair,
 Time that e'en beauty scorns to spare!
 Stole o'er the eyes, the cheeks, the hair,
 Of silly, heedless Molly.

Paint,

Paint, powder, washes are apply'd,
 No arts the sad disgrace can hide;
 The fops forsake, the wits deride,
 Their once lov'd charming Molly.

Unheeded now at ball or play,
 She hates the pretty, blames the gay,
 Ah! who one tender thing will say,
 To poor deserted Molly.
 Yet still she ling'ring haunts the scene,
 Where once she acted beauty's queen,
 And ev'ry simple heart had been,
 The slave of tyrant Molly.

At length with fruitless hope worn out,
 She quits the giddy youthful rout,
 And turns so monstrously devout,
 No saint was e'er like Molly:
 Yet while this solemn garb she wears,
 Each world by turns employs her cares,
 And slander, sermons, cards, and Prayers,
 Divide still wretched Molly.

Nuptial S O N G.

JOY to the happy pair,
 Thus blest you are in Hymens joys,
 May you live long, from year to year,
 And by enjoyment prove more dear.

Come Shepherds come all sport and play,
 And all like us keep holyday;
 Lets dance and sing and sport and play
 And all like us keep holiday.

CAN,

[CANTATA. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE at Armida's feet Rinaldo lay
Sinking beneath the pleasing force of
love;

A feather'd songster from a neighb'ring spray,
With sweetest sounds thus fill'd th' enchanted
grove.

A I R.

The gently budding rose behold,
Half opening to the vernal beams;
Its beauty cautious to unfold,
The less 'tis seen, the fairer seems:
Ye tender maids besieg'd by fighting Beaux,
Learn from my song the moral of the rose.

Check the growing idle passion,
Only built on inclination;
Then alone it reigns compleat,
When mutual love and friendship meet.

And as tho' guarded round with thorns,
Time spreads the fading useless flower;
Which ne'er the lovers breast adorns,
Nor e'er bedecks the bridal bower:
When Maiden aunts their sage advice propose,
Learn from my song the moral of the rose.
Check the growing, &c.

CATCH

C A T C H for three Voices.

WOULD you know how we meet o'er our
jolly full bowls,

As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls,
The sweet melts the sharp, the kind sooths the
strong,

And nothing but friendship grows all the night
long.

We drink, laugh and gratify ev'ry desire,
Love only remains our unquenchable fire.

C A T C H for three Voices.

'TIS too late for a coach, and too soon to
reel home,

We have freedom to stagger when the town is
our own;

Let's whirl it away, and whip sixpences round,
'Till the drawers are founder'd, and the hogthead
does found :

The glass stays with you Tom, save your tide, pull
away,

One minute of midnight is worth a whole day.

S O N G S in COMUS.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest;

Midnight shouts and revelry,

Tipsey dance, and jollity :

Braid your locks with rosy twine,

Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,

And Advice with scrup'lous head;

D

Strict

Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

S O N G.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you :
Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring as it goes,
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds, and sheep,
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep ;
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone ; yet in her arms
Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
'Till blest and blessing, you shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

S O N G.

FLY swiftly ye minutes 'till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty
can give ;
The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to
prove,
And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain ;
Power and grandeur inspid, and riches a pain ;
The

The most splendid palace grows dark as the
grave;
Love and wine give ye gods, or take back what
ye gave.

S O N G.

PREACH not me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell,
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.
If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single moment by,
That hour is lost that's spent in care,
They only live who life enjoy.

S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air,
Like sunny beams his golden hair,
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flowery vales:
How hard such beauties to resign,
And yet that cruel task is mine.

A I R.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flow'r in pity drops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all, reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

S O N G.

BY the gayly circling glass,
 We can see how minutes pass,
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waining night grows old :
 Soon, too soon the busy day,
 Drives us from our sports away.
 What have we with day to do,
 Sons of care 'twas made for you.

S O N G.

NOR on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
 Nor with swains in Syren bow'rs
 Will true pleasure long reside :
 On awful Virtue's hill sublime,
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair,
 Who wins her height must patient clime,
 Their steps are peril, toil, and care.
 So from the first did Jove ordain
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

CANTATA.

C A N' T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

LET them censure, what care I?
The herd of criticks I defy;
Let the wretches know I write,
Regardless of their grace or spite.

A I R.

No, the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my song:
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is sense that they repeat.

RECITATIVE.

Bid the warbling Nine retire,
Venus string thy servant's lyre.

A I R.

Love shall be my endless theme,
Pleasure shall triumph over fame;
And when these maxims I decline,
Apollo may thy fate be mine,
May I grasp at empty praise,
And lose the nymph to gain the bays.

D U E T.

GEN'ROUS wine, and a friend in whom I
can confide,
And a cleanly brisk girl I would have for my
bride;
I'll keep a brace of geldings, an easy pad to
please my spouse,
Kind fate no more I ask,
Ne'er to want my dear flask,
And in friendly bumpers ever briskly carouse.

D 3

SONG.

S O N G. Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

COME live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasure prove,
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountains yields;
 There will we sit upon the rocks
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers to whose falls,
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and silver studs,
 And if those pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me and be my love;
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning,
 If those delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

S O N G.

O Would'st thou know what sacred charms,
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms;
 What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
 The maid that's made for love and me.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender tear,
 From each ungentle passion free,
 O be the maid that's made for me.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
 Who feels the blessings she bestows;
 Gentle to all, but kind to me,
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose

Whose simple thoughts devoid of Art,
 Are all the natives of her heart;
 A gentle train from falshood free,
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt ye light coquets retire,
 Where flattering fops around admire,
 Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
 More genuine beauties are for me.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

LET the tempest of war be heard from afar,
 While the trumpets shrill clangor alarms,
 Let the valleys around with ecchoes resound,
 And a terrible clashing of arms.

Let rivers of blood run down in a flood,
 While mortals are gasping for breath,
 Let the brave if they will, by honour and skill,
 Seek glory and conquest in death.

To live sole and retire is all my desire,
 With my flocks and my Chloe possess.
 For with them we obtain, true peace without
 pain,
 And a lasting enjoyment of rest.

In a cottage or cell where shepherds do dwell,
 In innocence, freedom and ease ;
 We lead peaceable lives who are blest with good
 wives,

That study their husbands to please.

What blessings below can heaven bestow,
 Excelling such quiet as this ;

No

No affliction come here, no grief interfere,
To lessen our measure of blifs.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these is a bubble of air ;
Each helping the other, in pleasures I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour and I will have
mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love ;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half
divine,

First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with
wine ;

Then giving and taking in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But shouldst thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G,

S O N G.

MY banks they are furnished with bees,
 Whose murmur invites us to sleep,
 My Grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep;
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my mountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets grow.

I've found out a gift for my fair,
 I've found where the wood-pigeons breed,
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,
 He ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray?
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 The face of the vallies as fine,
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

S O N G. By Mrs. DEATH.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, love,
 A conquest I believ'd,
 The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
 O! let me be deceiv'd.

For-

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create ;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

S O N G.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless dart,
And her eyes she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys around her move,
Killing pleasures, am'rous blisses ;
She can arm her eyes with love,
And her lips can seal with kisses :
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so
fair ;
The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair ;
They

They hugg'd and they cuddled, and talk'd with
their eyes,

And look'd as all lovers do, wonderful wife.

Down Down Down Down Down

A fortnight was spent e'er dear Moggy came to,

For maidens a decency keep when they woo;

At length she consented, and made him a vow,

And Jockey he gave her for jointure his cow.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the
fair,

Still kissing and fondling until they came there;

They call'd on the parson, and to him they said,

They'd bought a gold ring, and were come to be
wed.

They staid there a week as the neighbours all say,

And none were so happy and gamesome as they;

Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-
kind,

For Jockey rode on and left Moggy behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cry'd, Gaffer Jock,

Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?

Quoth he, Goose, come on, why you now are my
bride,

And when volk are wed they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy good conduct to learn,

Who brush'd up the house while he thatch'd the
old barn;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,

And now live as man and wife usually do.

CATCH

C A T C H for three Voices.

A Boat, a boat, its to the ferry,
 For we came over to be merry,
 To laugh and quaff, and drink old sherry.

S O N G.

PHILARIA's charms poor Damon took,
 How eager he for billing,
 When, lo! the nymph the swain forsook,
 To shew her pow'r of killing:
 In either eye she sheath'd a dart,
 He felt it never doubt him:
 Adzooks, a man were thro' the heart,
 E'er he could look about him.

But mark the end, with scythe so sharp,
 Time o'er the forehead struck her,
 And all her charms began to warp,
 She then was in a pucker;
 She then began to rave and curse,
 Her time she'd pass'd no better,
 Yet still had hopes, e'er bad grew worse,
 Some comely swain might get her.

Philaria ev'ry lad she meets,
 Now makes an am'rous trial,
 But each with scorn her warmth treats,
 Each frowns in cold denial.
 Coquettes take warning, chuse your tune,
 This woeful case remember,
 The lover that you slight in June,
 You'll sigh for in December.

SONGS in LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Tune, DANIEL COOPER.

SINCE I the motley garb put on,
 I've serv'd in places twenty ;
 To brothel with my lord have gone,
 To church with lady Dainty :
 And still for each would pimp or pray,
 Think both by turns my duty ;
 In short, to few things would say nay,
 Could I secure a booty.

For this in courts the lawyer pleads,
 The sailor ploughs the ocean ;
 For this the soldier bravely bleeds,
 And doctor gives his potion.
 See gilded vice his splendor wear,
 Poor honesty in tatters ;
 Then why should I a phantom fear ?
 I'll imitate my betters.

Tune, Marquis of GRANBY.

DEAR Sir, she'll ne'er fly me, nor rashly de-
 ny me,

When once I but make declaration ;
 My person I'll render, no pitiful tender,
 But sigh'd for by Dames in high station.

Wherever I go I'm the coveted beau ;
 No female without me e'er would be ;
 Bully, I vapour,—sa, sa, and cut caper,
 And am what a gentleman should be.

E

Tune,

Tune, THE HEAVY HOURS.

SAY, nymphs, whose gentle bosoms prove
 The pleasing, painful dart,
 Could prudence e'er contend with love,
 Or heal the stricken heart?

Let tyrant duty strive to quell
 Soft tumults in the breast;
 By love led on, we all rebel;
 He victor stands confest.

S O N G.

LIFE is chequer'd, toil and pleasure,
 Fills up all the various measure;
 See the crew in flannel jerkins,
 Drinking, toping flip by firkins;
 And as they raise the tip
 To their happy lip,
 On the deck is heard no other sound,
 But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
 Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
 Let the can go round.

C H O R U S.

Then hark to the boatswain's whistle,
 Bustle, bustle, bustle, my boys,
 Let us stir, let us toil,
 But let us drink all the while,
 For labour's the price of our joys.

Life is chequer'd, toil and pleasure,
 Fills up all the various measure.
 Hark ! the crew, in sun-burnt faces,
 Chaunting black-ey'd Susan's graces ;
 And as they raise their notes
 Thro' their rusty throats,
 On the deck, &c.

Life is chequer'd, toil and pleasure,
 Fills up all the various measure.
 Hark ! the crew, their cares discarding ;
 With huffle-cap, or with chuck-farthing :
 Still in a merry pin,
 Let them loose or win ;
 On the deck, &c.

C A N T A T A.

A I R.

FROM clime to clime my heart does rove,
 Smells ev'ry sweet, yet dares not love ;
 With wanton beauty often fir'd,
 But, ah ! how vain when ne'er admir'd.

I sing, I toy, with ev'ry art,
 T' invade the tender virgin's heart ;
 In gentle murmurs tell my pain ;
 But tears are idle, vows are vain.

Ye gods, am I the man alone
 Of love and beauty doom'd the scorn ;
 Must sordid gold the mind controul,
 Enslave the will, and bribe the soul.

With strictest scorn I'll treat the sex,
 And ne'er with love my heart perplex,
 'Till Cupid send some gen'rous Fair,
 To ease my grief and end my care.

RECITATIVE.

As thus the pensive Silvan stood,
 And sighing view'd the refluent flood,
 The Tritons gaz'd to hear him mourn,
 And thus reply'd with vocal horn.

A I R.

Forbear, dear youth, the plaintive song,
 Nor blindly censure fate with wrong.
 'Tis fickle Strephon coldly flies,
 And constant Amarillis dies.

S O N G.

O Greedy Midas I've been told,
 That what you touch'd you turn'd to gold;
 O! had I but a pow'r like thine,
 I'd turn whate'er I touch'd to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,
 Each fish my fatal power mourn,
 And wond'ring at the mighty change,
 Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare t'approach
 Unto my mantling sparkling vine,
 But first should pay their votes to me,
 And stile me only God of wine.

SONG.

S O N G.

GLIDE gently on thou murm'ring brook,
 And sooth my tender grief,
 'Twas here the fatal wound I took,
 'Tis here I seek relief.

With Silvio on this verdant shore,
 I fondly sat reclin'd,
 Believ'd the charming things he swore,
 Too credulously kind.

While thus he said, this purling stream
 Back to its spring shall flow,
 O Pastorella! e'er my flame
 The least decay shall know.

Ye conscious waves roll back again,
 Back too your chrystal head,
 The false, ungrateful, perjur'd swain,
 Has broke the vows he made.

Perhaps some fairer shepherdess,
 His faithless breast has warm'd,
 And those kind vows and soft address,
 Her guiltless heart has charm'd.

But tell the nymph thou gentle stream,
 If e'er she visits thee,
 The treach'rous youth has vow'd the same,
 Yet broke his faith with me.

S O N G.

VULCAN contrive me such a cup,
 As Nestor us'd of old;
 Try all thy skill to trim it up,
 And damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, when fill'd with punch,
 Up to the swelling brim ;
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

Carve me thereon a curling vine,
 And add two lovely boys,
 Whose limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
 The types of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my gods are,
 May love and wine still reign ;
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to my love again.

S O N G.

BLAB not what you ought to smother,
 Honour's laws should sacred be,
 Boasting favours from another,
 Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with indignation,
 Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
 E'er I'd trust my reputation
 With such fools as kifs and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,
 Never should the same reveal ;
 He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,
 Cautious would his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
 Shall my fame from censure save ;
 One where truth and prudence center,
 And as sacred as the grave.

S O N G.

SWEET thrush, that makes the vernal year,
 Sweeter than Flora can appear :
 As Philomel attends thy lay,
 She envies the return of day.
 The tuneful lyre and swelling flute,
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute :
 Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay
 Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark! how the blackbird wooes his love,
 The skill'd musician of the grove ;
 On thorn, as perch'd, he nobly sings,
 A cadence for the ear of kings :
 Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
 A virginal to hail a queen ;
 Nature's music thus improves,
 All the graces and the loves.

S O N G.

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill ;
 Much fairer than the lilly blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose,
 Is Patty of the mill.

The neighb'ring swains her beauty fir'd,
 With wonder struck, they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill :
 Each strove with all his rustic art,
 To sooth and charm the honest heart
 Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
 A fixed heart, more true to love,
 Than turtles when they bill.
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
 And sweet content smiles in the face
 Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
 And guards it from all ill:
 Ye fair for ever constant prove,
 Be ever kind, be true to love,
 Like Patty of the mill.

S O N G.

AT Windsor where Thame glides so smoothly
 along,
 Lives the wish of my heart, the dear girl of my
 song;

Her name all the day I with raptures repeat,
 And am blest when the shepherds but talk of my
 Kate.

When my fair one is by, the whole village is gay,
 For 'tis she, not the sun, that enlivens the day;
 The lads are all happy when round her they wait,
 And the lasses learn beauty by watching my Kate.

Should I join the pale lilly, or blush-painted rose,
 And with pinks and sweet woodbines a garland
 compose,

More lovely to sight are her looks, and more sweet
 Is the fragrance that dwells on the lips of my
 Kate.

Hush,

Hush, hush, ye vain warblers, no more crowd the
 spray,
 Nor think to delight with your love-liven'd day;
 With success each may tune the shrill note to his
 mate,
 But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my
 Kate.

As she sits on the banks by the side of the stream,
 The fish without fear feed, and play by the brim;
 And why should they not, they can think no de-
 ceit,
 Such truth is confess'd in the looks of my Kate.
 The shepherds bring posies of flow'rs, but the
 maid
 Cries, these are but emblems that I too must fade :
 But myrtles I'll bring, and in their happy date,
 Shew the unfading charms of the mind of my
 Kate.

S O N G.

THE fragrant lilly of the vale,
 So elegantly fair ;
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
 To Chloe I compare.

What tho' on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide,
 Its sweetness far outvies the rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain ;
 In this we view the virgin white,
 Of innocence remain.

See

See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head,
 And to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There, while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace ;
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face.

But pray, my Chloe, now observe,
 The inf'rence of my tale,
 May I the florist be, and thou
 My lilly of the vale.

S O N G.

LET ambition fire thy mind ;
 Thou wert born o'er man to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet ;
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;
 Joys encircling joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright ;
 Toils of empire pleasures are :
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

SONG. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls away,
Come the grave, come the gay,
Wake to musick that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth and arise.

A I R.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high;
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the pard and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
'Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full sight,
Gods how great the delight,
How our mortal sensations refine,
Where is care, where is fear,
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now

Now to horse, my brave boys,
 Lo! each pants for the joys,
 That anon shall enliven the whole;
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

S O N G.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.

'Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely, partial maid,
 What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,
 And all his trifling race, with scorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONGS in As YOU LIKE IT.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;

Thy

Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Altho' thy breath be rude.
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Tho' thou the waters wrap,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend's remember'd not.

UNDER the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note,
 Unto the sweet bird's throat ;
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

S O N G.

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of
 mirth,
 Whence jollity springs and contentment has birth,
 What mortals so happy as we who combine,
 And fix our delight in the juice of the vine ;
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 Our laws are our own, not enforc'd by the crown,
 And we stand to them fair, 'till we fairly fall
 down ;

F

At

At acts of repeals we disdain to repine,
 Nor grudge any tax but the tax on our wine.
 To Cæsar, to Bacchus, our tribute is due,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

His worship so grave, here may revel and roar,
 The lawyer speak truth who ne'er spoke so before,
 The parson here strip off his priesthood's disguise,
 And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow
 wife;

The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,
 So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
 We seldom break necks, tho' oft crack a pate;
 If wars rise among us they soon again cease,
 One bumper brings truce, and another brings
 peace:

'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

S O N G.

AS Neptune late travers'd the wat'ry main,
 With each nation's genius attending his
 train;

Fame's trumpet, with echo, redoubled its sound,
 To each clime and each shore, and each nation
 around.

Morblieu! says Monsieur, and vat noise you call
 dat?

Britannia replies, 'tis some praise or eclat

Of my sons, George's subjects, the third of that
 name,
 Hark! hark! 'tis I'm sure, 'tis the trumpet of
 fame.

The genius of Spain was arous'd with the sound,
 But nothing so greatly his senses confound,
 As Hervey's appearance, with Nugent likewise,
 Surrounded by Tritons loud rending the skies.

His highness of Holland was looking amain,
 First sooth'd with a sound he desir'd to retain;
 But his countenance chang'd, as if judg'd to ill
 doom,

When Fame blew fortissimo, Britons strike home.

To Neptune, and those of each nation and tongue,
 Who had giv'n or receiv'd, or had done right or
 wrong,

Brave Hervey and Nugent, without more alarms,
 Told all, the Havannah submits to our arms.

That in spite of the force of all vapouring Spain,
 Their hellish inventions, or seasons of rain,
 Their mines or redoubts, or their sallies or forts,
 Albemarle and Pococke had possess'd all their
 ports.

That the conflict was great, earth and seas trem-
 bled long,

With the noise of the guns, and the shouts of each
 throng,

The like shews no records since the world first
 begun,

But Jove with the Giants, as Homer once sung.

No sooner our heroes had thus ended their tale,
 But the family-compact look'd horrid and pale;
 Monsieur and Don Spaniard sunk into the deep,
 And Hogan, tho' neuter, did cordially weep.

Then huzza! for Great-Britain, the king, queen
 and prince,
 May our statesmen by reason or force still convince
 All the world that we conquer wherever we go,
 And protect our allies, and defy ev'ry foe.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

S YLVIA, whose eyes are fatal as a gun,
 Sat basking in the sun,
 One stocking off, the other on;
 One stocking off, for why? the gentle fair,
 Just then was minded to repair,
 A breach her fragrant foot had made.
 The faithful Damon at her side,
 Intent, the neat performance ey'd,
 And thus in plaintive numbers sung or said.

A I R.

Nymph possess'd of ev'ry grace,
 Nice in finger as in face,
 See thy swain all pale and shocking,
 Worn as thin as any stocking:
 Think, ah! think on what he feels,
 And darn a heart that's out at heels.

RECIT.

R E C I T A T I V E .

Around the careless maid,
 To mortal eyes,
 Resembling flies,
 A swarm of buzzing Cupids play'd.

A I R.

Happy insects, Damon cry'd,
 Who at wanton leisure sip,
 Balmy bliss to me deny'd,
 On my Sylvia's pouting lip.
 See from ev'ry pore distils
 Liquid essence of the rose,
 Pearly drops in ruby rills,
 Each exuding feature shows.

R E C I T A T I V E .

Fair Sylvia as she sat,
 Simper'd attention underneath her hat.
 Fond love came on apace,
 A gracious grin
 Prolongs her chin,
 And open flew the portal of her face.
 Quick down the rosy road,
 A little subtle god explores the dark abode,
 And spite of all her coyness, all her art,
 Pervades the soft meanders of her heart.

A I R.

Heigh ho! Damon, what's come to me,
 Damon, now's your time to woo me:
 If you woo me now you'll win me;
 Sure I think the devil's in me;

I can neither stay nor go,
Damon, now's your time, heigh ho!

S O N G.

YE chearful virgins, have ye seen,
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
To rose or jess'mine bow'r?
Where does she seek the woodbine shade?
For sure ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r,

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose,
Join'd with the lilly as it blows,
Where each in sweetness vie.
Like dew drops glist'ning in the morn,
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
That warbles chearful on the spray,
To hail the vernal beam.
Her heart is blyther than her song,
Her passions gently move along,
Like the smooth gliding stream.

S O N G. By Mrs. DEATH.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove:
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast ;
 Nor, with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove ;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;
 I, alas ! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend !

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove :
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

S O N G.

AT Totterdown Hill there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell their still,
 Much riches indeed did'nt fall to their share,
 They kept a small farm and a mill :
 But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile, or of arts ;
 One daughter they had and her name it was Bet,
 And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut brown were her Locks, her shape it was
 strait,

Her eyes were as black as a sloe ;

~~Her teeth were~~ milk white, full smart was her
 gait, *were her Teeth*

And sleek was her skin as a doe :

All

All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did
pour,

No bit of true blue could be spy'd,
A child wet and cold, came and knock'd at the
door,

It's mam it had lost and it cried.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;

She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest:

But who do you think she had got for her prize,
Why love, the sly master of arts;

No sooner he wak'd, but he dropt his disguise,
And shew'd her his wings, and his darts.

Quoth he I am Love, but oh! be not afraid,

touch Tho' all I make shake at my will,
So good, and so kind, have you been my fair
maid,

No harm shall you feel from my skill:
My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by
me,

A friend you shall find in me still;
Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than
she,

The Venus of Totterdown Hill.

S O N G.

I Made love to Kate,
Long I sigh'd for she,
Till I heard of late,
She'd a mind for me:

I me

I met her on the green,
 In her best array ;
 So pretty she did seem,
 She stole my heart away.

Oh! then we kiss'd and press'd ; were we much
 to blame ?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

As I fonder grew,
 She began to prate,
 Quoth she—I'll marry you,
 And you shall marry Kate ;
 But then I laugh'd and swore,
 I lov'd her more than so ;
 Ty'd each to a rope's end
 Is tugging to and fro.

Again we kiss'd and press'd ; were we much to
 blame ?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

Then she sigh'd, and said,
 She was wond'rous sick,
 Dicky Katy led,
 Katy she led Dick :
 Long we toy'd and play'd
 Under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game,
 Tho' she play'd in joke.

For there we did, alas ! what I dare not name ;
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

CATCH

C A T C H for three Voices.

UNDER this stone lies Gabriel John,
In the year of our Lord one thousand and
one,

Cover his head with turf or stone, 'tis all one;
Pray for the soul of gentle John,
If you please you may, or let it alone 'tis all one.

S O N G.

TH Y Father, away, I renounce the soft
claim,

Thou spot to my honour, thou blast to my Fame;
Let justice the traitor to punishment bring,
His father he lost, when he murder'd his king.

S O N G.

COME, Laura, and meet your fond swain,
E're Phœbus declines to the west,
Nor let me still languish in pain,
Your presence alone makes me blest;
When absent no pleasure I feel,
My passions but sicken and die;
No power my passions can heal,
Unless my dear Laura is by,

Then hast to yon jessamine grove,
Enjoy what no language can tell,
'Tis the seat of contentment and love
Where peace and tranquillity dwell:
There Cupid our hearts shall unite,
There Hymen his altar shall raise;
The muses sweet songs shall indite,
And charm the whole grove with her lays.

O think

O think with such pleasures as these,
 How time will glide swiftly away ;
 Each striving the other to please,
 Dull winter shall smile as the May :
 No happiness either will taste,
 But what we both jointly approve ;
 Then hither, dear charmer, O haste,
 And bless a fond swain with your love.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

AS thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray,
 I met young Phillis on her way ;
 I flew like light'ning to her arms,
 And gaz'd in rapture on her charms :
 Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

With eager haste I stole a kiss,
 Which blushing Phillis took amiss ;
 She push'd me from her with a frown,
 And call'd me bold presuming clown :
 While I confess'd myself to blame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

In tender sighs I told my love,
 And pledg'd my faith on things above ;
 But she like all her sex was shy,
 And tho' I swore, would not comply :
 Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

When this I saw, I quickly cry'd,
 Will lovely Phillis be a bride ;
 But hark ! I hear the tinkling bell,
 To church let's og, it pleas'd her well :

And

And soon a kind compliance came,
But still she cry'd, O ! fye for shame.

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,
The joys we taste to few are known ;
No jealous fears our bosoms move,
For constant each, we truly love :
She now declares I'm not to blame,
Nor longer cries, O ! fye for shame.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

LEND your aid now my muse, to the sub-
ject I chuse,

A subject which none can explode ;
For the great and the small, must approve one
and all,

The song that is taste A-la-mode.

See the wits of the age, with fury engag'd,
In politicks dangerous road ;
The reason is plain, Entre Nous 'tis their gain,
Besides, Sir, 'tis taste A-la-mode.

See a Jockey's dress grace my lord in the race,
That this is absurd is allow'd ;
No matter for that, his lordship cries pat,
You must own it is taste A-la-mode.

Shall we trip to the park, where the wife meets
her spark,

While her cornus at home's safe bestowed ;
Sure this must be wrong ! no matter my song
Shall set it down taste A-la-mode.

The cit too behold, all belac'd o'er with gold,
Like Phaeton drive on the road ;

Should

Shou'd you see in the news, he's a bankrupt
my muse,

Declares that is taste A-la-mode.

The critic whose rage spare's nor youth, sex nor
age,

Who deal in song, satire or ode;
Should the pedant damn mine, I shall not re-
pine,

Because it is taste A-la-mode.

Now let each beau or wit, wife, belle, lord, or
a cit,

On whom I the verse have bestow'd,
Lend their voice in the praise of the bard and the
lays,

Which are written in taste A-la-mode.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the
plains,

And brightens the smiles of the damsels and
swains,

As they follow the last team of harvest along,

And end all their toils with a dance and a song :

Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,

Bleak winter's approach they behold without
fear,

And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,

Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for
more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,

And use every moment of life as it flies ;

G

Gay

Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must
improve,

For summer to ripen an harvest of love :

Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,
Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloe's bright
eye,

Let friendship take place then of youth's fiercer
joy.

D U E T.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah! me what meant my throbbing
breast;

Say soft confusion, art thou love?

If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,

Those gentle smiles did first create ;

And tho' you cannot love again,

In pity, ah ! forbear to hate.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

THE sun, from the east tips the mountains
with gold,

And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
behold.

The lark's early mornin proclaims the new day,

And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our
delay !

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,

And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court ;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;

The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;

The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,

Tho' often like us they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plum while the soldier hunts fame ;

The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;

And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,

Yet in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,

All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health ;

With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports, &c.

S O N G. In the WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair married dames who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest is a lover no more ;
Attend to my council, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite
 guitar,
 Tho' there's music in both, yet there both apt
 to jarr;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly nor play'd on too much.
 The linnet and sparrow will feed from your
 hand,
 Grow fond by your kindness, and come at com-
 mand;
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
 For hearts like your birds may be train'd to your
 will.
 Be gay and good humour'd, complying and
 kind,
 Turn the chief of your thoughts, from your face
 to your mind;
 'Tis there that the wife may her conquest im-
 prove,
 And Hymen will rivet the fetters of love.

S O N G.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial
 feast

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
 Merry Momus amongst them was sat as a guest,
 Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing:
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove:
 He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

"Sire! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 "Grows grievously tired of late; "He

“ He says that mankind are much worse than before,

“ So he begs to be eas’d of their weight.”

Jove knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl’d,
From his shoulders commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas’d with the plaything, review’d the globe round,

To see what each climate was worth,

Like a di’mond, the whole with an atmosphere bound,

And she variously planted the earth :

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow’d ;

France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;

What suited each clime on each clime she bestow’d,

And Freedom she found flourish’d here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,

As guardians to cherish the root ;

The blossoms of Liberty ’gan for to smile,

And Englishmen fed on the fruit :

Thus fed, and thus, bred, from a bounty so rare,

O preserve it as free as ’twas giv’n.

We will while we’ve breath ; nay, we’ll grasp it in death,

Then return it untainted to heav’n.

C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

AS tink'ring Tom the streets his trade did
cry,
He saw his lovely Silvia passing by;
In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist.
Tom with uplifted hands the occasion blest,
And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd.

A I R.

Oh! Silvia, while you drive your carts
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take our dust, and steal our hearts:
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you.
Oh! lovely Silvia, ease my pain,
Give me the heart you stole again;
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me the heart you stole again.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Silvia advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about;
She heav'd her swelling breast as black as flow,
And look'd disdain on little folks below;
To Tom she nodded as the cart drew on,
And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop John.

A I R.

Shall I who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry crowd oppress'd;

Ambition

Ambition now my soul does fire,
 The youths shall languish and admire,
 And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

S O N G.

YOUNG Strephon long doated on Phœbe the
 fair,

Whose heart of his anguish did secretly share ;
 But fearing his passion would changeable prove,
 She prudently check'd the soft dictates of love.

The beauties you fancy the fair one would say,
 Are charms of a moment, and doom'd to decay ;
 Love founded so slightly can never prove true,
 The bloom disappearing, the passion dies too.

O wrong not your beauty, reply'd the fond swain,
 Its lasting impresson will ever remain ;
 Tho' age, like the winter, may blast thy fair prime,
 Yet virtue, still blooming, gains-vigour by time.

The strength of my eyes, with your charms, will
 decline,

Nor gaze at a face that is younger than thine,
 While this faithful heart, ever true to my vow,
 Preserves thy dear image as bright as 'tis now.

Then banish, dear Phœbe, each doubt and each
 fear,

That makes fancy'd evils like real appear,
 The swift flying moments with ardour improve,
 And grant the reward that is due to my love.

Kind

Kind Phœbe assenting believ'd the fond youth,
 Who prov'd that his passion was founded on truth;
 Tho' envious old age may her beauty impair,
 Her virtue and honour will ever be fair.

S O N G.

WHEN Damon first my eyes beheld,
 My heart with secret transport thrill'd,
 And pit-a-pat it went.
 Young, artless, innocent, and shy,
 So unexperienc'd was I,
 I wonder'd what it meant.

Where'er I met him on the plain,
 He'd kiss me, sigh, and kiss again,
 And sweetest tales invent;
 And then he'd tell me he must die,
 But as I saw no danger nigh,
 I wonder'd what he meant.

To nymphs, whom years had wiser made,
 I told the tender things he said,
 And of his sad complaint.
 Full well the tender things they knew,
 For they, like me, had heard them too,
 Nor wonder'd what he meant.

They answer'd love had touch'd my heart,
 That Damon by his sex's art,
 Might cause me to repent;
 And that I should desire the swain,
 To tell me when we met again,
 If he to wed me meant.

Rejoic'd

Rejoic'd such good advice to find,
 I tript to let him know my mind,
 Across the mead I went.
 I told him, did he not design
 With me in Hymen's bands to join,
 I wonder'd what he meant.

The youth, whose love was aw'd by fear,
 Grew raptur'd such sweet sounds to hear,
 And strait to church we went.

How wise we all by marriage grow,
 Tho' foolish once, yet now I know,
 I know what Damon meant.

S O N G.

YOUNG Collin fishing near the mill,
 Saw Sally underneath the hill,
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r could feel.
 The mill was stopt, no miller there,
 She smil'd to see the youth appear,
 But turn'd about her spinning-wheel.

Thy cheeks, says he, like peaches bloom,
 Thy breath is like the spring's perfume;
 On thy sweet lips my love I'll seal.

Yon stately swans so white and sleek,
 Are like to Sally's breast and neck:
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Tho', fair one, beauty's transient pow'r,
 Fades like the new-blown gaudy flow'r,
 Not so where virtue loves to dwell;
 For where sweet modesty appears,
 We never see the vale of years:
 She smil'd and turn'd her spinning-wheel.

The

The pomp of state, the pride of wealth,
Says she, I scorn for peace and health,

Where honest labour earns her meal:
Who tells the flatt'ers common tale,
Can never o'er my heart prevail,
And make me leave my spinning-wheel.

The swain who loves the virtuous mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind,
For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel.
It is the voice, says he, of love,
Come hasten to yon church above:
She blush'd, and turn'd her spinning-wheel.

S O N G.

YOUNG Daphne was the prettiest maid
The eyes of love could see,

And but one fault the charmer had,
'Twas cruelty to me.

No swain that e'er the nymph ador'd,
Was fonder, or was younger;

Yet when her pity I implor'd,
'Twas, Stay a little longer.

It chanc'd I met the blooming fair,
One May-morn in the grove,

When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
Now, now's the time for love.

I press'd her hand, it wak'd her pride;
What did I mean to wrong her?

Not so, my gentle dear, I cry'd,
But love will stay no longer.

Then, kneeling at her feet, I swore,
How much I lov'd, how well,

And that my heart which beat for her,
With her should ever dwell.

Consent stood speaking in the eye,
Of all my cares prolonger,
Yet Daphne utter'd with a sigh,
Oh ! Stay a little longer.

The conflict in her soul I saw,
'Twixt virtue and desire,
O come, I cried, let Hymen's law
Give sanction to love's fire.
Ye lovers guess how great my joys,
Could rapture well prove stronger ?
When virtue spoke in Daphne's voice,
You now shall stay no longer.

S O N G.

PALÆMON lov'd Pastora,
Pastora sigh'd for Damon ;
But Damon lov'd Aurora,
Aurora young Palæmon.

Palæmon gave Pastora a wreath and shepherd's
crook,

And Damon gave Aurora a knot and reaping-
hook ;

Pastora gave to Damon a cap with chaplets
crown'd,

Aurora gave Palæmon a pipe with hazel bound.

The cap with chaplets crown'd young Damon
gave Aurora,

The pipe with hazel bound Palæmon gave Pastora ;
The

The wreath and shepherd's crook Pastora gave to
 Damon,
 The knot and reaping hook Aurora gave Palæmon,
 So crossly turn'd their presents went,
 Their loves so oddly varied,
 That ev'ry token which was sent,
 It's true design miscarried.

S O N G. By Mrs. DEATH.

WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter,
 In what secret grove or cave ;
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave :
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs and still she burns ;
 Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
 Wheresoe'er the damsel turns,
 Virtue youth good sense and beauty,
 If discretion guide us not,
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot ;
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer ;
 Now some subtle mean invader,
 Wins the heart or gains the ear.
 O discretion thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand mamma's mistake ;
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,
 Always careful and awake :
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence weigh the banns ;
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

SONGS

SONGS in ACIS and GALATEA.

LOVE sounds the alarm, and fear is a flying,
When beauty's the prize, what mortal fears
dying ;

In defence of my treasure I'd bleed at each
vein,

Without her no pleasure, for life is a pain

AS when the Dove laments her love
All on the naked spray;
When he returns no more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.

Billing, cooing, panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove.

SONG, in BRITANIA.

HEAR me gallant sailor hear me.
While your country hath a foe ;
He is mine too never fear me,
I may weep but you shall go.

Tho' this flowr'y season woo's you
To the peaceful sports of May ;
And love sighs so long to loose you,
Love to glory shall give way.

Can the Sons of Britain fail her,
While her Daughters are so true ;
Your soft courage must avail her,
We love honour, loving you.

H

War

War and danger now invite us,
 Blow ye winds, auspicious blow,
 Ev'ry gale will most delight us,
 That can waft us to our foe.

C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE festive board was met, the social band
 Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent
 stand:

My sons, began the sage, be this the rule,
 No brow austere must dare approach my school,
 Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within;
 Old Care begone, here sadness were a sin.

A I R.

Tell not me the joys that wait
 On him that's learn'd, on him that's great;
 Wealth and wisdom I despise,
 Cares surround the rich and wise:
 The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
 And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
 Me their friend and fav'rite own,
 And I was born for them alone.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Business, title, pomp, and state,
 Give them to the fools I hate.

A I R.

But let love, let life be mine,
 Bring me women, bring me wine;
 Speed the dancing hours away,
 Mind not what the grave one's say;

Gayly let the minutes fly,
 In love and freedom, wit and joy.
 So shall love and life be mine,
 Bring me women, bring me wine;
 Speed the dancing hours away,
 Mind not what the grave ones say.

S O N G.

HARK! the birds begin their lay,
 Flow'rets deck the robe of May;
 See the little lambkins bound,
 Playful o'er the clover ground;
 While the heifer's sportive low,
 Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the nymphs and swains advance,
 O'er the lawn in festive dance;
 Garlands from the hawthorn bough,
 Grace the happy shepherds brow;
 While the lasses in array,
 Wait upon the queen of May.

Innocence, content, and love,
 Fill the meadows and the grove;
 Mirth that never wears a frown,
 Health, with sweetness all her own;
 Labour puts on pleasure's smile,
 And pale care forgets his toil.

Ah! what pleasures shepherds know?
 Monarchs cannot such bestow.
 Love improves each happy hour;
 Grandeur has not such in store.
 Learn, ambition, learn from hence,
 Happiness is innocence.

C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A S porter Will along St. Paul's did move,
Depress'd by weighty load, but more by
love;

By chance the fair Cerissa there he found,
Crying her fine heart cherries round and found:
Will joyous instant pitch'd, then strait caress'd
her,

And leaning o'er her barrow thus address'd her.

A I R.

Thy lips are cherries sweeter far,
Than those which in the barrow are,
With such a store of charms, 'tis well
You may have stolen hearts to sell:

Mine, dear Cerissa, too you know,
You stole it from me long ago,
And now I stop to ask of thee,
To give it back. or marry me.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Cerissa archly leering as he spoke,
While all the cherry blush'd upon her cheek,
The mellowest fruit unnotic'd cull'd apace,
And sent like thunder at his doleful face;
Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,
And looking round at Will, triumphant sung.

A I R.

Shall I possess of all these charms,
Sleep nightly in a porter's arms,

M'ambi.

M'ambitious soul detests such scum,
And sighs for conquests yet to come.

Fair youths my sovereign pow'r shall feel,
Ten thousand hearts I'll daily steal,
And beauteous nymphs shall envious see,
Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me.

R O N D E A U.

BY my sighs you may discover,
What soft wishes touch my heart,
Eyes can speak and tell the lover,
What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breast may disapprove;
But 'tis hard, and past concealing,
When we truly, fondly love.

C A T C H for three Voices.

JACK thou'rt a toper, let's have t'other quart,
Ring, ring, we're so sober, 'twere a shame to
part;

None but a cuckold, bully'd by his wife
For coming late, fears a domestic strife.
I'm free, so are you, to call and knock,
Knock boldly, the watchmen cry, Past Twelve
o'clock.

SONGS in the MERCHANT OF VENICE.

HASTE, Lorenzo, hither fly,
 To my longing arms repair,
 With impatience I shall die,
 Come and sooth thy Jeffy's care;
 While we then in wanton play,
 Sigh and gaze our souls away.

MY blifs too long my bride denies,
 Apace the wafting summer flies;
 Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
 Nor storms, nor night shall keep me here.
 What may for strength with steel compare?
 Oh! Love has fetters stronger far:
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel love enchains the mind.
 No longer then perplex thy breast;
 When thoughts torment, the first are best:
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
 Away, my Jeffy, haste away.

TO keep my gentle Jeffy,
 What labour would seem hard,
 Each toilsome task how easy.
 Her love the sweet reward.
 The bee thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe,
 The sweet reward obtaining
 Of Honey all the year.

D U E T.

FAIR Aurora, prithee stay;
 O retard unwelcome day;
 Think what anguish rends my breast,
 Thus caressing, thus carest,
 From the idol of my heart,
 Forc'd at thy approach to part.

O D E.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can
 meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching a-
 round,
 This source of content is so rare to be found?
 O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweet'ner of
 life;
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?
 How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend?
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace:
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will ap-
 pear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out di-
 stress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG.

S O N G. By Mrs. DEATH.

O H! Sawny, why leavest thou thy Nelly to
mourn?

Thy presence could ease me, when naithing could
please me,

Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood laddie until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
clear,

While lav'rocks are singing, and primroses
springing,

Yet nane of them pleases my eyne or my ear,
When thro' the wood laddie ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare na to tell,
I'm fash'd wi their scorning, baith evening and
morning,

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi a knell,
When thro' the wood laddie I wander my fell.

Then stay my dear Sawny, nae longer away,
But quick as an arrow, haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood laddie we'll dance sing and
play.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

O H! Nelly na longer thy Sawney now mourns
Let music and pleasure abound without
measure,

On hillocks and mountains, or low in the burn,
Or thro' the wood lassie sing Sawny's return.

Since

Since I have been absent from thee my dear Nell,
 No peace, no delight have I known day or night,
 The murr'ring streams, and the hills echo tell,
 How thro' the wood lassie I breath'd my sad knell.

But now to all sorrow I bid a full dieu,
 And with joy like the dove, I'm return'd to my
 love,

The maxim of loving in truth let's pursue,
 Then thro' the wood lassie we'll bounnily woo.

Come lads and come lasses be blythsome and gay,
 Let your hearts merry be, and your pipes full of
 glee,

The Highlands shall ring with the joys of the
 day,

While thro' the wood happy we dance, sing, and
 play.

S O N G.

WITH Delia ever could I stay,
 Admire, adore her all the day ;
 In the same field our flocks we'll feed,
 To the same spring our heifers lead.
 What joy where peace and love combine,
 To make our days unclouded shine.

Teach me, ye Muses, ev'ry art,
 More deeply to engage her heart,
 I strive not to resist my flame,
 I glory in a captive's name ;
 Nor would I if I could be free,
 But boast my loss of liberty.

S O N G.

S O N G.

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove,
 Since Sylvia no longer is here :
 My flocks if at random they stray,
 What wonder since she's from the plains ?
 Her hands they were wont to obey,
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd,
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill ;
 There sweet by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold.

How oft would I spy out a charm,
 Which before had been hid from my view ;
 And while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips how they grew :
 How oft the sweet contest would last,
 'Till the hours of retirement and rest,
 What pleasures and pains each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place or of time,
 I felt when my fair one was near,
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that checquer'd the year.

In winter's rude lap did we freeze?
 Did we melt on the bosom of May,
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 We rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask,
 She had all the kind gods could impart,
 She was nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair and the envy of art.
 There is all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that is lovely is drest,
 For the Graces were throng'd in her eyes,
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast

S O N G.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
 I met with young Phœbe, who lives at the
 mill,
 My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a sight,
 For Phœbe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
 And swore the next morning I'd make her my
 bride;

In anger she said, get you out of my sight,
 And go to your Phillis, you met here last night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, pray explain what you mean,
 I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen;
 Nor can I conceive what my Phœbe is at.

O can't you, she cry'd, well I love you for that.

Say did you not meet here last night on this spot?

O Collin, O Collin, you can't have forgot:

I heard

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I heard

I heard the whole story this morning from Mat,
You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phœbe, believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive;
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And sure, my dear Charmer, must hate him for
that.

Come, come, then she cry'd, if you mean to be
kind,

I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your
mind;

Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat,
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

S O N G. By Mrs. DEATH.

WATER parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling founts may flee,
Or thro' fertile vallies glide:
'Tho' in search of lost repose,
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.

O D E.

SWEET contentment, heav'nly bright,
Worship'd thro' the realms of light,
Void of thee what's wealth or pow'r,
But the pageants of an hour.
Pride ne'er tastes thy soft repose,
Pomp and grandeur are thy foes,
Yet within the moss-grown cell,
Thou with poverty can'st dwell.
See yon humble swains advance,
Beat the ground in jocund dance;

Hark!

Hark ! the merry milkmaids sing,
 All beneath thy gladsome wing ;
 Wide beams forth th' eternal ray,
 All who wou'd be happy may ;
 And how e'er we change the name,
 Virtue and content's the same.

O D E.

R E C I T A T I V E.

B RITONS attend, I sing in merry lay,
 The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-Mayor's
 day ;
 What surfeits caught, what feeding when they
 dine,
 What sober citizens get drunk by nine :
 What fights are seen, what rattling, fufs and noise,
 Of coaches carts, men, women, girls, and boys ;
 Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses
 throng,
 To view his Lorpship pafs in ftate along.

A I R.

Ob ! London is a fine town, &c.

Oh ! Lord-Mayor's show, fo brave and gay, does
 honour to the city,
 And old and young, and rich and poor, muft own
 'tis vaffly pretty ;
 To fee the gilded coach and fix, and man in ar-
 mour ride,
 In pomp and fplendor from Guildhall, unto the
 water-fide.
 And when in barges clofely pent, fuch plenty of
 good cheer,
 What pity 'tis fo fine a fight fhould come but once
 a year !

R E C I T A T I V E.

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
 The mob dispers'd, to dinner's all the cry.
 With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,
 The starv'd mechanics seek their diff'rent halls.
 At the full groaning board each takes his seat,
 With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

A I R.

(Ghosts of ev'ry occupation, &c.)

Cits of ev'ry occupation,
 Ev'ry age and ev'ry station,
 Parsons, justices of quorum,
 All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,
 Press to have their plates fill'd first :
 With the victuals here such work is,
 Snatching turtle, geese, and turkies ;
 Hares with puddings in their bellies,
 Cheesecakes, custards, tarts, and jellies.

Bawling, swearing,
 Cutting, tearing,
 Sweating, puffing,
 Licking, stuffing,
 Just as if they all would burst.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Their prowess now in eating having prov'd,
 The dishes empty'd, and the cloth remov'd ;
 Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
 And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail.
 Some talk, some laugh, some smoke, some snor-
 ing lie,
 And some with jovial songs Old Care defy.

AIR.

(99)

A I R.

(Come hither my Country Squire, &c.)

Come fill the glafs to the brink,
Brisk wine foon away sorrow drives;
Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink-
Confufion to bailiffs and wives.

C H O R U S.

Such foaking, fuch fmoaking, and joking,
Such guzzling here you fee;
The buck and furr'd gown together fit down,
And all are good company.

A I R.

To enjoy life while we may,
I'll prove from the fcriptures is right;
Old Lot us'd, they fay, to fuddle all day,
And lie with his doxy at night.

C H O R U S repeated.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But foon the lufcious grape fo potent grows,
Mirth and good humour's turn'd to words and
blows;
Now rogue and cuckold thro' the hall refound,
And wigs, and canes, and cravats ftrew the
ground;
Till bright Aurora rears her rofy head,
And bids the noify crew reel home to bed.

I 2

A I R.

(100)

A I R.

(There was a jovial Beggar, &c.)

Let heroes both by land and sea,
Their deeds in battle boast ;
They only fame acquire now,
Who eat and dring the most.
Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go,
Then a guttling we will go.



In story we are told of one,
An ox flew with his fist ;
Then at a meal he eat him up ;
Gods ! what a glorious twist !

If then good eating's so renown'd,
Be this each Briton's pray'r,
" God blefs the court of Aldermen,
" The Sheriffs and Lord Mayor.
When a guttling they do go, do go, do go,
When a guttling they do go.

S O N G.

AS I on purple tapestry lay,
And slept the tedious night away :
Well warm'd within
With sparkling wine,
I seem'd with virgins brisk as May,
To dance and sing and wanton play.

The shepherds all together flew,
And envious glanc'd and look'd askew :
And ev'ry swain
Upon the plain,

Both

Both envy'd and reproach'd me too,
That I with virgins had to do.

An am'rous kiss I would have ta'en,
But waking found my hopes were vain :

Then curs'd the day,
Whose glaring ray,
Bereav'd me of so sweet a pain,
Then strove to sleep and dream again.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE whistling plowman hails the blushing
dawn,

The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away,
And now my boys throw off the hounds,
I'll warrant he shews us some play.

See yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.
Then spur your brisk courfers and smoke 'em my
bloods,

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn,
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find ;

• So he breaks it and scours amain,
And leaves us at distance behind.

(100)

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SONG. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

RECITATIVE.

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Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
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A I R.

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Then spur your brisk couriers and smoke 'em my
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Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find ;

• So he breaks it and scours amain,
And leaves us at distance behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn;
 Stout reynard we'll follow until that he die,
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd, from his mouth hangs his tongue;
 His speed can no longer avail,
 Nor his life, can his cunning prolong.
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
 he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn;
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

S O N G.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear,
 Why silent drops that chrystal tear?
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where love and peace delight to rest.
 What though thy Jockey has been seen,
 With Molly sporting on the green,
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove
 The matchless force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true a nosegay I address'd,
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast;
 But 'twas at her desire to try,
 If Damon cast a jealous eye.
 Those flowers will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected scatter'd o'er the lawn,
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies,
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

S O N G.

S O N G.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare,
The merits of wine with the charms of the
fair ;

I appeal to the Men to determine between,
A tun-belly'd bacchus, and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
For though there is mirth, yet there's madness in
wine ;

Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass
smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire ;
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore,
These virtues shall bless me, when beauty's no
more.

How happy our days when with love we engage,
'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age ;
But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl,
Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul.

A sot as he riots in liquor will cry,
The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I ;
From this fair confession, 'tis plain my good friend,
Tou're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big bellied bottle may ravish your eye,
But how foolish you'll look when your bottle is
dry ;

From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must
spring,

Nay the Stoics must own it she is the best thing.
Yet

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford,
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord;
 But woman for ever gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex—aye as long as I can.

S O N G.

WHERE the bee sucks there lurk I,
 In a cowslip's bell I lie,
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bats back do I fly,
 After sun-set merrily, merrily,
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

S O N G.

BEHOLD my brave Britons the fair springing
 gale,
 Fill a bumper and tofs off your glasses;
 Bufs, and part with your frolicksome lasses,
 Then a-board and unfurl the wide flowing sail.

C H O R U S.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
 And English courage fires our souls;
 To crown our toils the fates decree,
 The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
 Life and fortunes we chearfully venture,
 And we laugh and we quaff and we banter,
 Nor think of to-morrow, while sure of to-day.
 While British, &c.

The streamers of France at a distance appear,
 We must mind other music than catches,
 Man our quarters and handle our matches,
 Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.
 While British, &c.

Engen-

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
 British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder,
 Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
 So victory follows with riches and fame.
 While British, &c.

C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SOME courtly youth whom love inspires,
 May sing of flames and soft desires,
 Or string Apollo's tuneful lyre,
 To move in melting strain :
 But I Parnassus ne'er have seen,
 The god of love, or Cyprian queen,
 I know not what those fancies mean,
 A poor and homely swain.

A I R.

I know that I went to the fair,
 The miller's daughter Moll was there,
 Her beauty made me gape and stare.

A woeful sight for John.
 I fell in love upon the place,
 I told her my unhappy case,
 Yet still she turn'd away her face,
 And bid me get me gone.

My heart went bumping in my breast,
 It broke a score of ribs at least ;
 The live-long day I take no rest,
 Nor close my eyes at night.
 I am so bad at times that I,
 For aught I know may come to die ;
 If she keeps on her cruelty,
 I am in doleful plight.

DUET.

D U E T.

ARISE, gentle muse, and with wisdom in-
spire,
Each bosom that glows with an ardent desire,
For from glorious actions the bliss that accrues,
Is the worth all admire, and each Mason pursues.

S O L O.

Hence harmony springs.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

Hence harmony springs,
'Tis the cement of love,
Fair freedom on earth,
And bright union above.

D U E T.

Indignant around us tho' discord is seen,
And malice, dread power of envy, the spleen,
To the one we'll be deaf, to the other be blind,
Since virtue alone is the strength of the mind.

S O L O.

Hence harmony springs.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

Hence harmony springs, &c.

D U E T.

Thus beauty's gay charms with a lustre divine,
Our art shall adorn which for ever shall shine;
'Till time, circling round, shall unfold the great
truth,
Which thus has united the sage and the youth.

S O L O.

Hence harmony springs.

D U E T

DUET and CHORUS,

Hence harmony springs,
 'Tis the cement of love,
 Which shall teach us on earth,
 The sweet raptures above.

S O N G.

WOULD you taste the morning air,
 To yon verdant fields repair,
 Where cowslips sweet, and vi'lets blue,
 With grateful scenes shall welcome you.
 Hear, hear, the soft and cooling breeze,
 Fanning, thrilling, thro' the trees,
 While the dew, besprinkling round,
 Cools the thirsty parching ground.

Hear the lark now soaring high,
 With her echo fills the sky,
 The charming nightingale and thrush,
 Are warbling notes on ev'ry bush :
 Haste, fair nymph, then haste away,
 Taste these joys without delay,
 Prove, and proving, you will tell,
 The morning joys do all excel.

Nuptial S O N G.

WHEN Hymen light the torch of love,
 Your happy state began ;
 Heav'n will protect, if you approve,
 Be you the careful man.
 Cherish your blooming bride each day,
 With love, celestial pure,

All earthly beauties fade, decay,
But heav'nly minds endure.

Sweet peace and concord, bless the pair,
By providence made one ;
All harmony be center'd here,
Nor discord ever known.

May you prove fruitful as the vine,
Be blest with hopeful heirs,
To comfort both in life's extreme,
And soften all your cares.

Live you their num'rous race to see,
Most beautiful and wise ;
Grow up to full maturity ;
With them and theirs rejoice.

May plenty bless your latest days,
In perfect health be found ;
Sounding your great creator's praise,
'Till with his glory crown'd.

S O N G.

THE militia are men
That merit my pen,
Some valiant, courageous, and tall,
That discipline know
To face the French foe,
I wish I could say so by all.

That always can't be,
As lately we see,
By a plain and a clear demonstration,
If you raise men by merit,
You'll have them of spirit,
And fewer great cowards in the nation.

SONG.

S O N G.

NATURE gave all creatures arms,
 Faithful guards from hostile harms ;
 Jaws the lyon brood defend,
 Horrid jaws that wide distend ;
 Horns the bull resistless force,
 Solid hoofs the vig'rous horse ;
 Nimble feet the fearful hare,
 Wings to fly the birds of air.

To the fox did wiles ordain,
 The craftiest of the Sylvan train ;
 Tusks she gave the grunting swine,
 Quills the fretful porcupine ;
 Fins to swim the wat'ry kind,
 Man the virtues of the mind ;
 Nature lavishing her store,
 What for woman had she more ?

Helpless woman ! to be fair,
 Beauty fell to woman's share ;
 Beauty that nor wants or fears,
 Swords, or flames, or shields or spears ;
 Beauty stronger aid affords,
 Stronger far than shields or swords ;
 Stronger far than swords or shields,
 Man himself to beauty yields.

S O N G.

PHŒBUS meaner themes dis'aining,
 To the lyrist's call repair,
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British fair.

K

Chief

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 'Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of mirth or merit,
 Which the sons of art prepare,
 Have no pleasure, life or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
 But if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd by the British fair.

S O N G.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
 To escape from her charms, and to drown
 them in wine ;

I try'd it but found when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head, but love still in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
 weigh'd ;

'Then gravely pronounc'd in return to my pray'r,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's truth reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
 I came for a counsel, to find out a fault ;

If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came,
 To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
 When like light'ning she darts thro' each throbbing
 vein ;

My

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows, a freehold
estate;

A well meaning miller, by labour supplies,
Those blessings, that grandeur to great ones
denies:

No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are health and content;
Their Lordships in lace may take note, if they
will,

He's honest, tho' daub'd with the dust of his
mill.

'Ere the lark's early carrol salute the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair,
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his bosom does fill;
Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homespun array,
At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray;
He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good;
At night, when the priest and excisemen are
gone,

He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
No Monarch more blest than the man of the mill.

S O N G.

THE lark's shrill notes awake the morn,
 The breezes waye the ripen'd corn,
 The yellow harvest safe from spoil,
 Rewards the happy farmer's toil.
 The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
 O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

S O N G.

WHILE overnice criticks indulging their
 rage,
 Exclaim that all singing's unfit for the stage,
 And others, tho' diff'rent, are equally wrong,
 Who fix all that's pleasing alone in a song;
 Such triflers I leave, let them cavil on still,
 While I sing in praise of the maid of the mill.

The stage is a garden we very well know,
 Where sense, truth, and virtue, should constantly
 grow,

The rank weeds of vice be all carefully sought,
 Torn up by the root, and expos'd as they ought,
 The performance is good, which this end can
 fulfil,

And this we must own—in the maid of the mill.

Mirth, beauty, and innocence, mutually strive,
 To rouse the attention, and keep it alive.

In Aimworth true greatness shines strongly con-
 fess,

And love's native flame, glows in Patty's soft
 breast,

Each

Each bosom responds to her voice's sweet trill,
And wishes success to the maid of the mill.

While musick and sense, shall have charms to
invite,

And wit and true humour afford us delight,
While candour excites in the regions of taste,
And Britons encourage the good and the chaste,
So long let ill-nature declaim as she will,
Applause shall attend on the maid of the mill.

C A N T A T A of the Mare.

In Imitation of the ITALIAN.

RECITATIVE.

UNHAPPY me, what shall I do?
My poor dear mare has lost her shoe,
And I've no money to buy new;
Some drunken rascal in the night,
Has torn her saddle out of spite,
'T'has ruin'd and undone me quite.
But what does most my soul assail,
Is that in fury of his ale,
The cursed dog has lopt her tail.

A I R.

O mare. O mare, well may'st thou grumble,
Thy shoe is lost, and thou must stumble.

Surely the fellows brains were addle,
That cropt thy tail, and tore thy saddle.

O mare, O mare, well may'st thou grumble,
'Thy shoe is lost, and thou must stumble.

S O N G.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen a-
broad ;

To horse, my brave boys, and away !
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds,
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !
O'er hills and o'er vallies he flies :
Then follow—we'll soon o'ertake him—Huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day !
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;
Dull wisdom all happiness fours :
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G.

GO rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place,
With never-fading love :
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find,
More fragrant roses there,
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd,
With envy and despair ;

One common fate we both must prove,
You die with envy, I with love.

S O N G.

HARK Daphne from the hawthorn bush
The spotted Finches sing,
In artless notes the merry Thrush,
Salutes the blooming spring;
On verdant bed the violet lies,
To woo the western gale,
While tow'ring lillies meet our eyes,
Like love-sick virgins pale.
The rill that gushes o'er the shore,
Winds murm'ring thro' the glade,
So heart-struck Thyrsis tells his moan,
To win his clay-cold maid;
The golden sun, in fresh array,
Flames forward on the sphere;
Around the May-pole shepherds play
To hail the flow'ry year.
Say shall we taste the breezy air,
Or wander thro' the grove;
There talk of Sylvia's wild despair,
The prey of lawless love;
Ah! no, she cries, o'er Sylvia's fall,
Exult not, tho' 'twas just,
Dash not the sinner's name with gall,
Nor triumph o'er her dust.
True virtue scorns to fling the dart,
Herself above all fear;
When justice stings the guilty heart,
She drops the gen'rous Tear;

Then

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S O N G.

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How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place,
With never-fading love :

There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die.

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Then

Then own ye Nymphs, this godlike truth,
 Is on your hearts impress'd ;
 On brightest patterns form your youth,
 And be for ever blest.

S O N G.

BACCHUS one day, gayly striding,
 On his his never failing ton,
 Sneaking aquapotes deriding ;
 Thus address'd each toping son :
 Praise the joys that never vary,
 And adore the liquid shrine ;
 All things noble, bright and airy,
 Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.
 Pristine heroes crown'd with glory,
 Owe their noble rise to me ;
 Homer wrote the flaming story
 Fir'd by my divinity :
 If my influence is wanting,
 Musick's charms but slowly move,
 Beauty too in vain lies panting,
 'Till I fill the swain with love.
 If you crave eternal pleasure,
 Mortals ! this way bend your eyes,
 From my ever flowing treasure,
 Charming scenes of bliss arise ;
 Here's the charming, soothing blessing,
 Sole dispeller of all pain,
 Gloomy souls from care releasing,
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Tune, The Maid that's made for love and me.

ATTEND ye nymphs while I impart,
The secret wishes of my heart ;
And tell what swain, if one there be,
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,
Let honour all his actions guide,
Stedfast in virtue let him be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
With pure good-nature sweetly join'd,
Sure friend to modest merit be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
Where griefs bedew the dropping eye,
Melting in sympathy I see,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid av'rice claim no part
Within his tender, gen'rous heart ;
Oh! be that heart from falsehood free,
Devoted all to love and me.

S O N G.

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
Laugh, and worldly cares despise ;
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
Joy from drinking will arise :
Why should we with wrinkled care,
Change what nature made so fair ;

Drink

Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire,
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire ;
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content,
Drink and set your minds at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.

Busy brains we know, alas !
With imaginations run,
Like the sand in th' hour glass,
Turn'd and turn'd and still runs on ;
Never knowing when to stay,
But uneasy ev'ry way :
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free,
Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me ;
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait,
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

D I A L O G U E,

AMYNTOR.

PASTORA's come with myrtle crown'd,
To bless her fond Amyntor's side,
The sun in its extensive round,
Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a bride.

PASTORA.

If to be true is sweet and fair.
Pastora with Lucinda vies,
Then sweeter she than is the air,
That fleets beneath Arabian skies.

AMYNTOR.

The fields, the groves, each hill and vale,
Have witness'd to my faithful vow ;
Long had I sigh'd my am'rous tale,
But ev'ry care's requited now.

PASTORA.

Without a blush I here repeat,
What to the nymphs I told before,
For thee my tender heart does beat,
Possess'd of thee I ask no more.

AMYNTOR.

Thus with this wreath I crown thy brows,
And with this kiss my love I seal,
And may I when I break my vows,
The pangs of tortur'd lovers feel.

PASTORA.

Should I, ungrateful to my swain,
Afflict him with domestic strife,

May

Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire,
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire ;
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content,
Drink and set your minds at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.

Busy brains we know, alas !
With imaginations run,
Like the sand in th' hour glass,
Turn'd and turn'd and still runs on ;
Never knowing when to stay,
But uneasy ev'ry way :
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free,
Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me ;
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait,
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

DIALOGUE.

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Afflict him with domestic strife,

May

May I be driven from the plain,
By ev'ry virtuous maid and wife.

D U E T.

Come, Love, and lead the merry round,
Come with thy olive sceptre peace,
Come, smiling Joy, and deck the ground,
With health that always gives increase.

S O N- G.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks
grey,
And sweetly bedappled forebodes a fine day ;
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark in the morn to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew,
While the season invites with all its delights,
The health giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;
To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,
Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.

But oh ! how each bosom with transport it fills,
To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills ;
While joyous from valley to valley resounds,
The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,
Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate ;
Borne by their bold coursers no danger they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Ye cits for the chace quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

S O N G.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe and stick to my
 glass;

But to you men of reason my reasons I'll own,
 And if you don't like 'em, why let 'em alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;
 But such goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own,
 Yet tho' she cou'd smile, yet in truth she cou'd
 frown;

But tell me ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine.

Her lillies and Roses were just in their prime,
 But lillies and roses are conquer'd by time;
 But in wine from its age, such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me in time that my love wou'd been
 cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
 For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

L

Perhaps

Perhaps like her sex ever false to their word,
 She had left me to get an estate or a lord ;
 But my bottle regardless of titles or pelf,
 Will stand by me, when I can't stand by myself.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
 With nurses and children, and squalling and strife;
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

S O N G.

YE Youths be advis'd, and this doctrine
 despise,
 To drink is a vice, but to love's to be wise ;
 Then leave to the toper his selfish dull plan,
 For love, mighty love's, the best proof of a man.

Contempt for the ladies was never yet thought
 A recommendation in camp or in court,
 In law or in physick, mechanicks, or sea ;
 He that ceases to love, surely ceases to be.

Then why all this bouncing in praise of his
 wine,
 Had he join'd love and bottle, indeed I could
 chime ;
 But a bigot in whatever shape he appears,
 Has a title, I doubt, to his brother's long ears.

He fear's being left, and with reason he may,
 While his wine is his darling, what woman will
 stay ;
 For whatever regard they've for titles or pelf,
 They'll stand by the man that can stand by himself.
 Then

Then let no staunch drinker henceforward be
vain,
Of a foible destructive to Venus's reign;
But if he's resolv'd to continue his glass,
Let him hug his bottle, let me hug my lass.

D U E T.

AS I saw fair Flora walk alone,
The feather'd snow came softly down,
As Jove descending from his tow'r,
To court her in a silver show'r:
The wanton snow flew to her breasts,
As little birds into their nests;
But being overcome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolv'd into a tear.
Thence falling on her garments hem,
To deck her froze into a gem.

S O N G. By Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment,
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content;
If I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain:
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known,
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love;
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare
name. How

How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the charms!

How delightful embraces, how peaceful her arms!
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love,
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above;
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must
 yield,

For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair
 field.

S O N G.

Cease lovely shepherd, cease to mourn,
 Nor longer wanton in thy grief;
 Her ashes sleep within their urn,

Let new-born passions give relief:
 Tho' Silvia was so soft and fair,

That all the youths and neighb'ring swains,
 Languish'd with passion and despair,
 While she reign'd mistress of the plains.

Tho' sweet she was as morning dew,
 And silent as the close of night;
 Shepherd she breaths no more for you,
 But rises in the brightest light:
 Colin then let thy throbbing heart,
 For sprightly Celia glow and burn;
 Sighs for thy sighs she will impart,
 And gentle love for love return.

Favourite S O N G S, &c. in MIDAS.

CHORUS. Tune, The king of Prussia's march.

JOVE, in his chair,
 Of the sky Lord May'r
 With his nods
 Men and Gods
 Keeps in awe,

When

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When he winks
Heaven shrinks,
When he speaks
Hell squeaks

Earth's globe is but his taw,
Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule,

His word
Tho' absurd
Must be law.

Even fate
'Tho' so great,
Must not prate,
His bald pate
Jove wou'd cuff,

He's so bluff,
For a straw.

Cow'd deities
Like mice, in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Nor gnaw.

S O N G. Tune, Shaan Bwee.

THINK not lewd Jove
Thus to wrong my chaste love,
For spite of your rakehelly godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants,
In vain you in darkness enclose them,
Your favourite jades,
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

L 3

SONG.

S O N G.

BE by your friends advised,
 Too harsh, too hasty dad !
 Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
 The world will think you mad.
 What worse can Bacchus teach Men,
 His roaring bucks, when drunk,
 Than break the lamps, beat watchmen
 And stagger to some punk.

D U E T.

SINCE you mean to hire for service
 Come with me, you jolly dog,
 You can help to bring home harvest,
 Tend the sheep and feed the hog.
 With three crowns, your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed ;
 Bacon, beans, salt beef and cabbage,
 Butter, milk, and oaten-bread.
 Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home,
 And when daily labour's over,
 We'll all dance to your strum, strum.
 Done, strike hands, I take your offer,
 Farther on, I may fare worse,
 Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
 Hungry guts, and empty purse.
 Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer,
 I strike hands, and take your offer,
 Farther seeking you'll fare worse,
 Farther on I may fare worse,
 Pity such a lad should suffer,
 Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
 Hungry guts, and empty purse.
 Hungry guts, and empty purse.

S O N G.

Tune, If 'tis joy to wound a lover.

IF the swain we sigh for press us,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please !
If the fright we loath address us
How delightful 'tis to teize.

S O N G. Tune, Mirleton.

IF I cannot plague the lubber,
Now I have him in my crib,
If, when he begins to blubber,
I can't soothe or laugh, or fib,
Doom'd for life, I may be,
To play with my baby,
And to wear a flabb'ring bib.

S O N G. Tune, Three sheep-skins.

GIRLS are known
To mischief prone;
If ever they be idle,
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle :
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way fiddle.

Giddy Maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding ;
They flirt pall-mall,
Their train to swell,

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To coxcomb, coxcomb adding
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop,
And set their mothers madding.

S O N G.

PRAY goody, please to moderate the rancour
of your tongue :

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the pre-
judice is strong.

A stranger why will you despise ?

Ply me

Try me

Prove, e'er you deny me,

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

S O N G.

To a French tune, A la sante du pere d'Oleron.

SHALL a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my
shoes

Dare my amours to cross ?

Shall a peasant minx, when justice Midas woes,

Her nose up at him tofs ?

No, I'll kidnap—then possess her.

I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange,

So glut to the height of pleasure,

My love and my revenge.

S O N G. Tune, Sheelagh na Guig.

JUPITER wenchies and drinks,

He rules the roast in the sky,

Yet he's a fool if he thinks

That he's as happy as I.

June

Juno rates him
 And grates him,
 And leads his highness a weary life ;
 I have my lasfs
 And my glafs,
 And strole a batchelor's merry life.

Let him fluster
 And bluster,
 Yet cringe to his harridan's furbella ;
 To my fair tulips
 I glew lips,
 And clink the cannikin here below.

SONG. Tune, Sheelagh na Guiragh.

SURE I shall run with vexation distracted,
 S To see my purposes thus counteracted !
 This way, or that way, or which way soever,
 All things run contrary to my endeavour.

Daughters projecting
 Their ruin and shame,
 Fathers neglecting
 The care of their fame,
 Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper ;
 Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

SONG. Tune, When on the dear bosom lying.

L Ovely nymph assuage my anguish ;
 L At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,
 He not long needs sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance and sports—you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

SONG.

SONG. Tune, The Priest in his boots.

IF you can caper, as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late;
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
 His beard is so frowzy, his gestures so awkward as
 And his bag-pipe has so drowzy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.

D U E T. Tune, Bobbing Joan.

MY mimikin miss—do you fancy that Pol
 Can ever be caught by an infant's doll?
 Can you, miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
 In love with the gyantess of Guildhall?
 Pigmy elf,
 Colossus itself.

You will lie 'till you're mouldy upon the shelf.
 You stump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb,
 A husband for you must from Lilliput come;
 You stalking steeple, you gawky flag,
 Your husband must come from Brobdignag.

Sour grapes,
 Lead apes,
 I'll humble your vanity mistress Trapes.

Miss your assurance
 And miss your high airs
 Is past all indurance
 Are at their last pray'rs,
 No more of these freedoms miss Nyssa, I beg.
 Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

Poor spite!
Pride hurt!
Liver white!
Rare sport!

Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't
bite,

This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.

S O N G. Tune, The Lottery.

○ What pleasures will abound
When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh what pleasures, &c.

Let earth cover her

We'll dance over her

When my wife's laid in the ground,

Let earth, &c.

O how happy should I be

Would little Nyfa pig with me.

O how happy, &c.

How I'd mumble her,

Touze and tumble her,

Would little Nyfa pig with me.

How I'd mumble, &c.

S O N G. Tune, Lary Grogan.

¶ F into your hen-yard

The treacherous Reynard,

Steals sily, your poultry to ravage, to ravage.

With gun you attack him,

With beagles you track him,

All's fair to destroy the fell savage, fell savage.

o Pol, who comes picking

p my tender chicken,

No

No means do I scruple to banish, to banish.
 With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,
 With fraud I'll ensnare him
 By hook, or by crook he shall vanish, shall
 vanish.

C A T C H for three Voices.

Tune, Cold and Raw.

MASTER Poll,
 And his toll de roll-loll,
 I'll buffet away from our plain, Sir;
 And I'll assist
 Your worship's fist,
 With all my might and main, Sir;
 And I'll have a thump,
 Tho' he is so plump,
 And makes such a woundy racket.
 I'll bluff,
 I'll rough,
 I'll huff,
 I'll cuff,
 And I warrant we pepper his jacket.
 Chor. I'll bluff, &c.

For all his cheats,
 And wenching feats
 He shall rue on his knees 'em,
 Or skip, by goles,
 As high as Paul's,
 Like ugly witch on besom;
 Arraign'd he shall be
 Of treason to me!
 And I with my davy will back it;

I'll swear,

I'll snare,

I'll tear.

O rare!

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Chor. I'll swear, &c.

SONG. Tune, Kettle Bender.

WHAT the devil's here to do,
Ye logger-heads, and gypsies?

Sirrah you, and hussy you,

And each of you tipsey is.

But I'll sure pull down your pride as

A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

CHORUS.

O tremendous justice Midas,

Who shall oppose wise justice Midas.

S O N G.

NOW I'm feated,

I'll be treated,

Like the sopher on his throne.

In my presence

Scoundrel peasants,

Shall not call their souls their own.

Lady Coventry's Minuet.

My behest is,

He who best is,

Shall be fix'd musician chief;

Ne'er the loser,

Shall shew his nose here,

But be transported like a thief.

Chor. O tremendous, &c.

M

SONG.

S O N G.

A Pox of your pother about this or that,
Your shrieking or squeaking a sharp or a
flat.

I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master
Pol.

So here goes a set-to at toll de roll loll,

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would
hamper,

And after miss Will o' the Wisp the fools scamper,
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol,
Pray what's all this fufs for, but toll de rol lol.

Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race,
All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chase;
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss luck is all,
And luck's the best tune of life's toll lol de roll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too
long,

I only meant life is but an old song;
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
Where all act the scene of toll lol de rol lol.

S O N G.

A H, happy hours, how fleeting,
Ye danc'd on down away;
When my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay.

But, from her charms when Sunder'd,
As Midas' frowns presage,
Each hour will seem an hundred,
Each day appear an age.

CHORUS.

M

C H O R U S.

SEE triumphant sits the bard,
 Crown'd with bays, his due reward.
 Exil'd Pol shall wander far,
 Exil'd twang his faint guittar,
 While with ecchoing shouts of praise,
 We the bagpipe's glory raise.

S O N G.

Tune, Push about the brisk bowl.

DUNCE, I did but sham,
 For Apollo I am,
 God of music, and king of Parnass:
 Thy scurvy decree,
 For Pan, against me,
 I reward with the ears of an ass.

Thou a Billingsgate quean,
 Thou a pander obscene,
 With strumpets and bailiffs shall class.
 Thou, driven from man
 Shalt wander with Pan,
 He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.

Be thou squire—his estate
 To thee I translate.
 To you his strong chests, wicked mafs,
 Live happy, while I,
 Recall'd to the sky,
 Make all the Gods laugh at Midas.
 All the Gods laugh at Midas.

GRAND CHORUS.

TO the bright God of day,
Let us dance, sing, and play,
Clap hands ev'ry lad with his lass.
Now criticks lie snug,
Not a hiss, groan, or shrug,
Remember the fate of Midas, Midas.
Remember the fate of Midas.

S O N G.

SAVE women and wine there is nothing in
life,
That can bribe honest souls to endure it ;
When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded
with care,
Dear women and wine only cure it.
Come on then, my boys, we'll have women and
wine,
And wisely to purpose employ them ;
He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,
Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.
Our wine shall be old, bright and sound, my dear
Jack,
To heighten our am'rous fires ;
Our girls young and sound, and shall kiss with a
smack,
And shall gratify all our desires.
The bottles we'll crack, and the girls we will
smack,
And gratify all our desires. CAN-

CANTATA.

AIR.

WHO'LL buy a heart, Myrtilla cries,
And throws around her wanton eyes ;
An easy shape, a graceful air,
A face like lovely Hebe's fair ;
A pair of eyes that wound at sight,
And foil the diamond's piercing light.

RECITATIVE.

Come hither ye that long to prove
The soul enchanting joys of love :
Quickly, quickly come, for he
Buys that bids the most for me.

AIR.

But let no fordid wretch presume
With even Cræsus wealth to come ;
Nor vainly hope for gems or gold,
Such charms as these can e'er be sold ;
So vile a change I scorn to make,
For love's the only coin I take,

CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS in a pensive mood Myrtilla sat,
Resolving on the will of fate,
A sprightly youth devoid of care
Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

M

AIR.

A I R.

Thou vernal form of beauties plea,
 I'm come to buy a heart of thee;
 With transport I receiv'd the tale,
 That such a gem was up for sale;
 Cou'd I command the starry train,
 For thee I'd give it back again;
 Or if kind fate wou'd make thee mine,
 The universe shou'd all be thine.
 Go hence, the maid with softness cries,
 Merit the best deserves the prize;
 The tale you heard was falsely told,
 Myrtilla's heart shall ne'er be sold.

Wonderful S O N G.

Tune, A Cobler there was.

THERE was an old man, and that's not un-
 common,
 But if they say true, he was born of a woman!
 And tho' quite incredible, I have been told
 He was rock'd in his cradle, but age made him
 old.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

When e'er he was hungry, he still wanted meat,
 And if he cou'd get it, was certain to eat;
 When thirsty he'd drink, if you'd give him a pot,
 But his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.
 He seldom or never cou'd see without light,
 And yet I've heard say he cou'd hear at dark night;
 He has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis said,
 Sometimes found asleep as he lay in his bed.

His

His face was the strangest that ever was seen,
 For if 'twas not wash'd, it was not quite clean;
 And he shew'd all his teeth, if he happen'd to
 grin,
 For his mouth it was plac'd between nose and
 chin.

'Twas observ'd that his tongue ne'er lay still
 when he talk'd,
 Tho' he mov'd both his legs and his feet when he
 walk'd;
 Then his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd
 burst,
 For one leg or other wou'd always be first.

When this whimsical piece had a river to cross,
 If he cou'd not get over he staid where he was;
 And tho' he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
 Yet was always so lucky as ne'er to be drown'd.

SONG in ALEXANDER.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won,
 By Phillip's warlike son;
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sat
 On his imperial throne;

His valiant peers were plac'd around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.

The lovely Thais by his side,
 Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

A I R.

Happy, happy, happy pair,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Favourite S O N G S in the SUMMER'S TALE,

HAPPY, trifling, careless lover,
Think not you can touch my heart,
'Till your sighs your tears discover,
That you feel love's keenest dart.
When I see thee humbly lying,
Captive of my conquering eyes,
Weeping, sighing, fainting, dying,
Such submission may suffice.
So severe the lover's duty,
Such the trophies due to beauty.
Happy, trifling, careless lover,
Think not you can touch my heart.

S O N G.

Tune, The maid that's made for love and me.

O Fatal day to my repose,
When first I saw the faithless fair,
No peace my wretched bosom knows,
I love, alas ! and I despair.

S O N G.

IN vain you attempt to engage,
Believe me you have not the art,
No, no, you have not the art ;
The feeble attacks of old age,
Can never endanger my heart.

RONDEAU.

R O N D E A U.

PARENTS think our inclination
Ne'er should fix 'till they approve,
Lost to ev'ry soft sensation,
They forget what 'tis to love.

Void of ev'ry gen'rous passion,
Lovers now with selfish art,
Such the world's disgraceful fashion,
Woo the interest, not the heart.
Parents, &c.

Thou alone, alike regarding
Wealth and titles with disdain,
Worth with equal worth rewarding,
Lov'st, and art belov'd again.
Parents, &c.

R O N D E A U.

C H O R U S.

HAPPY nation, who possessing,
Nature's Gifts in full increase,
Sees around thee ev'ry blessing,
Scenes of plenty, scenes of peace.

A I R.

Fields where golden Ceres waving,
Glistens in the ripening sun,
Streams their fertile borders laving,
Scatt'ring riches as they run.

Chorus. Happy nation, &c,

A I R.

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A I R.

Meads, where flocks and herds disporting,
Gayly paint the checquer'd vale ;
Groves, where happy shepherds courting,
Softly breath their am'rous tale.

Chorus. Happy nation, &c.

A I R.

Cooling Zephyrs, gently blowing
Fragrance from the flow'ry plains ;
Temp'rate skies serenely glowing,
Virtuous nymphs and valiant swains.

Chorus, Happy nation, &c.

S O N G.

HAIL, England, old England, for glory re-
nown'd,
In arms as in arts, so transcendantly crown'd,
'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break,
'Tis thine to revenge when that honour's at stake,
Then now rouse ye brave, draw the sword, point
the lance,
And bid the bold cannon rowl thunder to France.

C H O R U S.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! O ye Britons, to con-
quest pursue,
For the trumpet of vict'ry's uplifted for you.

Hark! truth speaks already, our heroes prevail,
The rous'd English lion makes Gallia look pale,
Thy

Thy cunning O ! France it's own fate will decree;
 Success, lo ! dawns on us by land and by sea,
 And wide o'er the main, shall the British flag fly,
 To force that submission, which pride will deny.

Chorus. Huzza, &c.

Brittania rejoices your ardour to see,
 My sons fight, she cries, 'tis for freedom and me,
 Tho' Gallic ambition, alliance explore;
 You've conquer'd them now, whom you've conquer'd before,

And triumph those truths to the Nations shall sing,

The ocean is George's, and George is our King.

Chorus. Huzza, &c.

S O N G.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate, in a fair country town,
 Let me have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murm'ring brook,
 With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad nag, to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three
more,

Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;
With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor
teal,

And clean, tho' coarse linnen at ev'ry meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming
liquor,

And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and it freezes
and snows,

May I have a coal fire as high as my nose;
A fire, which once stirr'd up with the prong,
Will keep the room temp'rate all the night long.
May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted, may I face my last
day,

And when I am dead may the better sort say;
In the morning when sober, in the evening when
mellow,

He's gone, and ha'nt left behind him his fellow.

For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better, as his strength wore
away.

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

SONG.

S O N G.

SEE how the genial god of day
 Salutes the warm, the blushing year;
 Chear'd by his beams, how bright, how gay,
 The fields, the groves, the flowers appear!

And hark! in yonder vocal bower
 The turtle plies his amorous theme,
 All nature owns love's mighty power,
 And deeply drinks the quick'ning beam.

And, tell me, do these scenes impart
 No friendly warmth to thee alone?
 Wilt thou not give me back my heart,
 Nor yet repay me with thine own?

Ah! why would nature make thee fair,
 And not dispose thee to be kind;
 To love, alas! is to despair,
 And not to love is to be blind.

S O N G.

DEAR girl never trust to thy charms,
 Youth's fugitive season improve;
 Oh! take the dear man to thine arms,
 Nor blush at an innocent love.

Too soon and that sweet rosy bloom,
 That elegant form shall decay;
 That hair like the raven's dark plume
 Shall be silvering over with grey.

The fops that now flutter around
 Shall find some more favourite fair;



Whilst

(146)

Whilst you drop dispis'd to the ground
With envy consum'd and despair.
Then list to the counsel I give
And be not by flatt'ry betray'd ;
Lest you should be fated to live
Like me, a neglected old maid.

S O N G.

LOOK back, behold !
The shining gold ;
Come take, and freely use it,
Hark ! hark, it chinks !
Sweet sound ; methinks
No lawyer can refuse it.
See ! hear's a bribe
For half your tribe,
And will you then be jogging ?
'Tis generous wine,
How bright ! how fine !
Come take the other noggin.

I see you relent
'Tis enough, be content ;
'Two such pleasing allurements what saint can
withstand,
'The glass at the lips, and the gold in the hand ?

S O N G.

'TIS agreed ; say no more ;
All my scruples are o'er ;
I am your's, my lad, body and soul :
Thus for better, for worse,
I join hands with your purse ;
And I warrant I'll manage the whole.

Fill

Fill a glass, my brave boy !
 What is honour ?---A toy :
 What is honesty, friendship or fame ?
 Give me gold, and all these
 I can buy when I please,
 And put beggarly virtue to shame.

Politicians, they say,
 Only struggle for pay,
 Each one puts up his conscience to sale ;
 And the patriot so nice,
 When you bid to his price,
 May be your's for the turn of the scale.

Then draw out your hoard,
 Count it down on the board,
 To refuse it I won't be so mad ;
 Since there can be no doubt,
 Shou'd one lawyer hold out,
 But that more of the trade may be had.

S O N G.

FAREWEL, fond unhappy creature !
 See, for me poor Clara dies ;
 Light'ning blast each murd'rous feature,
 Blind these fatal, fatal eyes !

Yet what means this fond bewailing !
 Let the wretched fair one die ;
 If my form is so prevailing,
 Nature is in fault, not I.

S. O N G.

SOME say that their rooms are all furnish'd
with gold,

Their vaults and their cellars, what good liquor
they do hold ;

Their tables are furnish'd with all sorts of dishes,
Made of the best creatures, of beasts, birds and
fishes.

I live by the dike, with my dog by my side,
And with such homely fare, as my Joan does
provide ;

And am as well contented in my small abode
As those in a palace, who dine A-la-mode.

I labour, I am hearty, I whistle, and I sing,
Nor trouble myself much about any thing ;
But how to best husband my small tenement,
And pay to my landlord, when due, his full rent.

At Night I go home to my Joan and relate
What has happen'd that day, while the little
ones do prate

Of their toys and babies, till sleep close their
eyes,

And Phœbus next morning invites me to rise.

I then to my spade, and my mattock do return,
And make myself quite happy, for I never mourn ;
And I am well contented in my low estate,
And thank my kind stars that no worse is my fate.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions
below,

Which men are forbidden to see ;
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Euridice free.

All Hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life ;
And venture so far, but how vast their surprize,
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the fault,
Old Pluto had puzzled his brain ;
But Hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well ;
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such power has musick in Hell.

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